



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

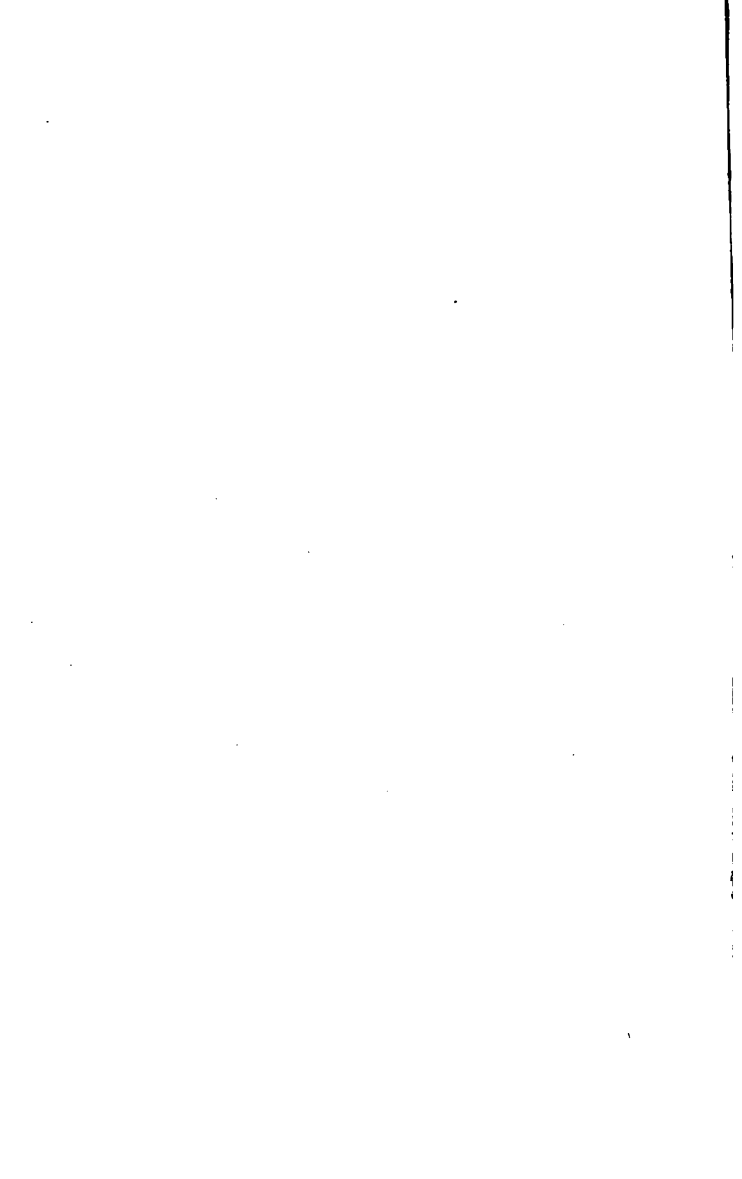
P. Jan 1749. 476

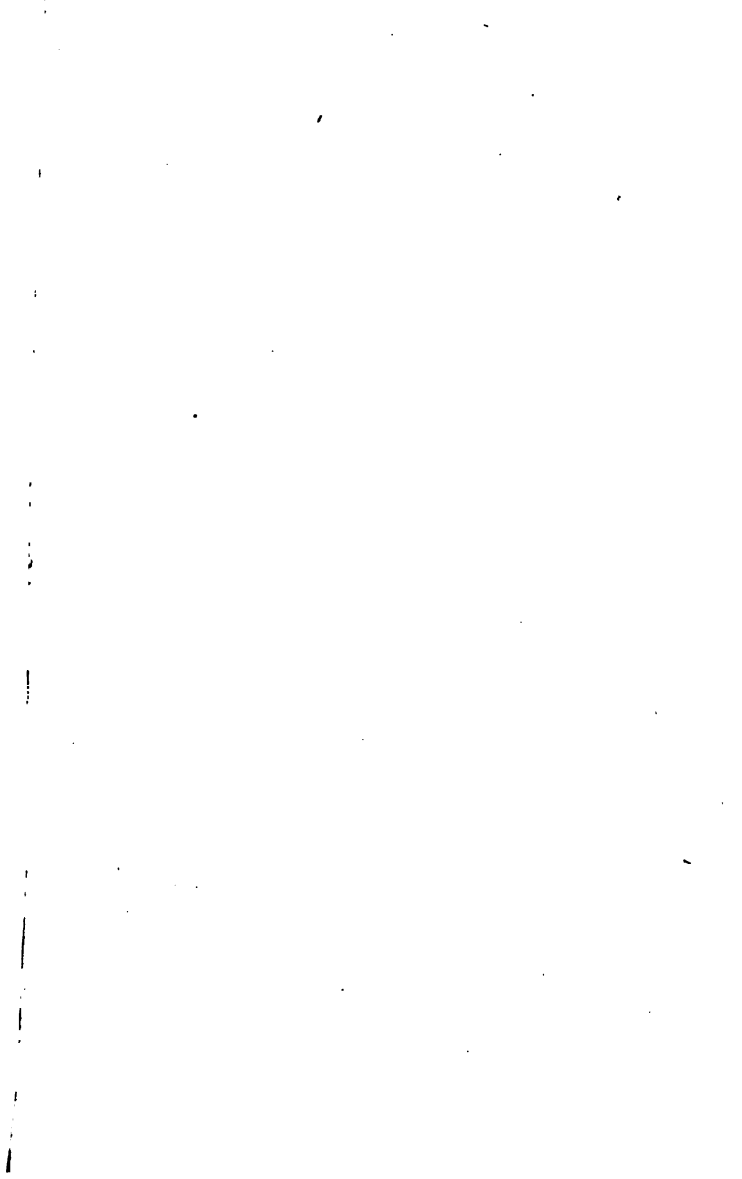
KC 6

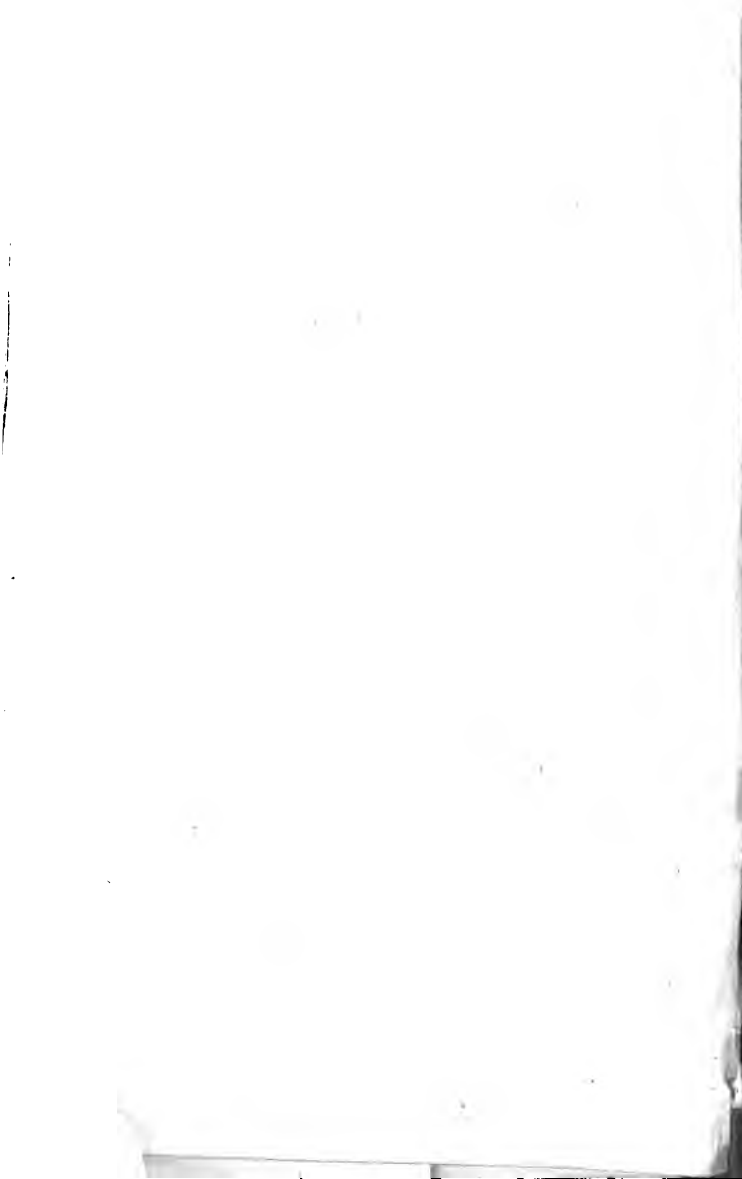


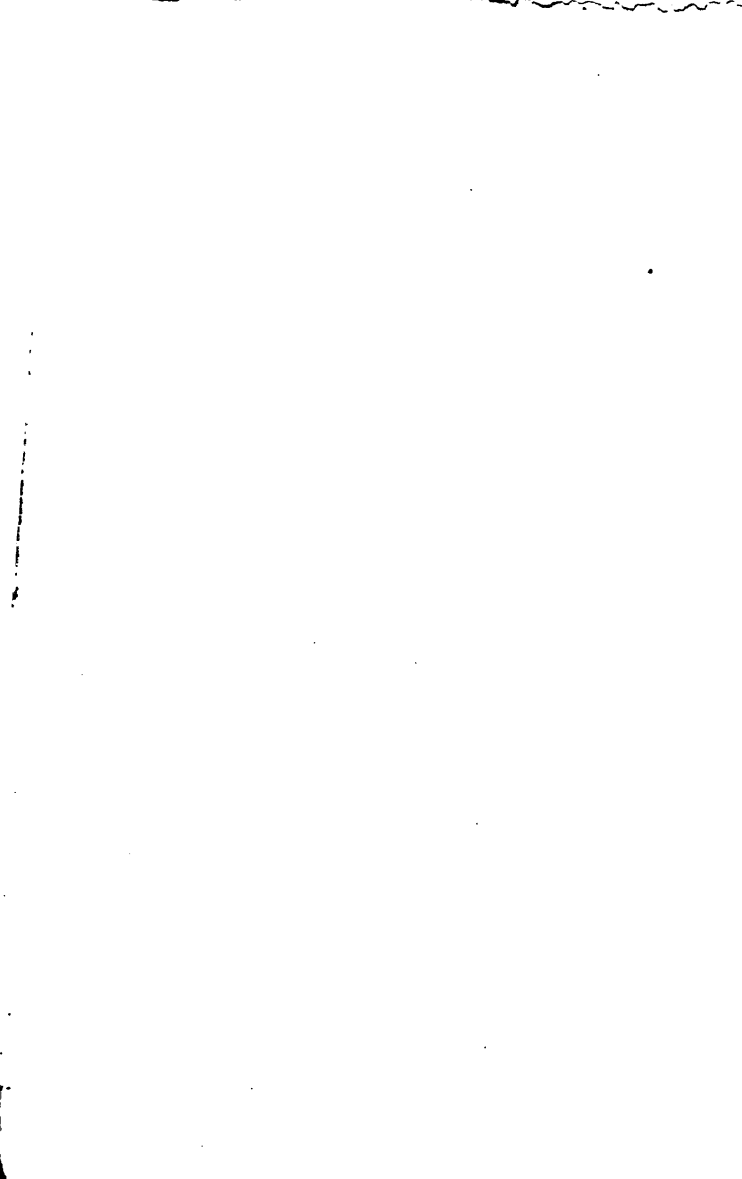
HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

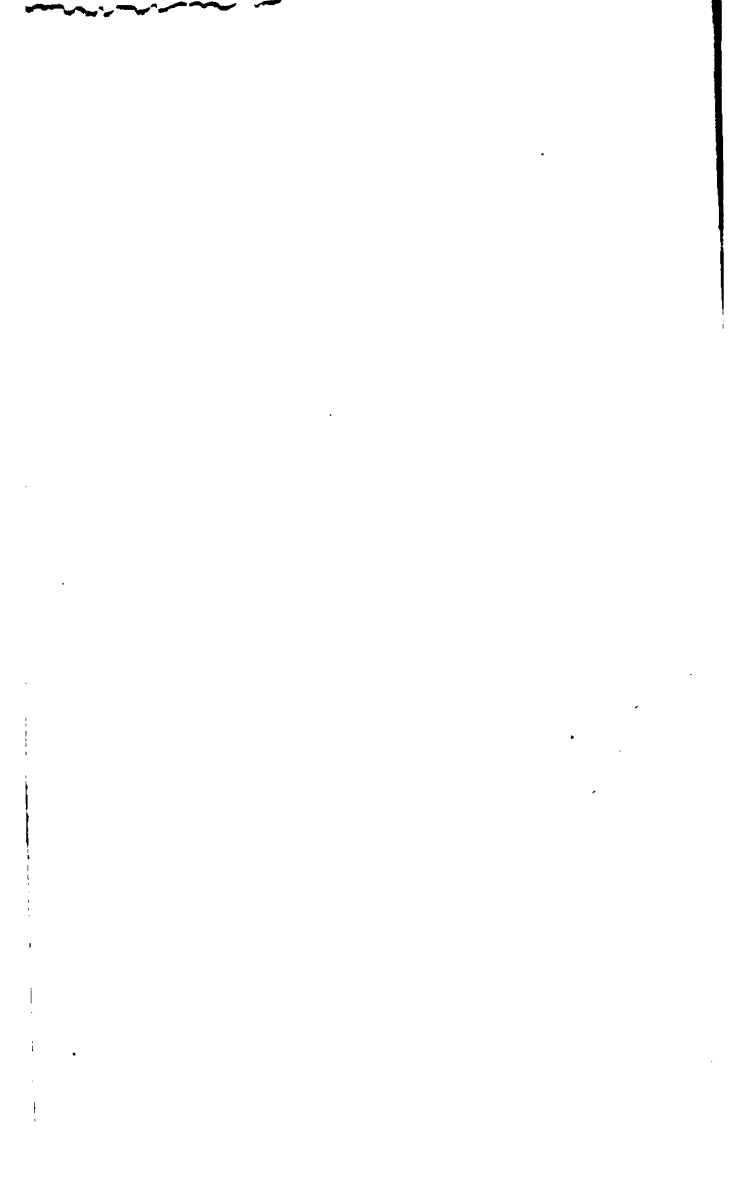












The
JUVENILE
KEEPSAKE.
Edited by
THOMAS ROSCOE.



London, Published by Hurst, Chance, & Co.
1829.



0

THE
JUVENILE KEEPSAKE.

MDCCCXXIX.

EDITED BY
THOMAS ROSCOE,

"For the wealth I require is that of the heart ;
The smiles of affection are riches to me." *Mrs. Opie.*

London :
HURST, CHANCE, AND CO.

1829.

A

P Two 1749,476

Dec. 12, 1925

Emily M. Hussey

LONDON:

Printed by Bradbury and Dent, Oxford Arms Passage,
Paternoster Row.

PREFACE.

IN offering to the more gentle and juvenile portion of the community an Annual upon a somewhat novel plan and pretensions—adapted rather to children of middle, than either of smaller or “of larger growth,” some little explanation of its origin and object may, perhaps, be deemed indispensable. This, however, is not often a pleasing task either to an Editor or to his readers; and if it be customary, it is a custom, one is inclined to think, rather

“More honored in the breach than the observance :”—

for nothing, the Editor feels assured, can so

truly vouch for the real character and pretensions of any work, as its own unobtrusive contents. These at least, will always

“A plain unvarnished tale deliver ;”

from which it will be found in vain either for Editors or Authors to make any appeal. Neither praise nor apology, either direct or implied, will avail any thing—much less will they now be appreciated upon the score of candour and sincerity. If there be any thing beautiful, the public—even a juvenile public, will have wit enough to find it out ; and if there be not, it will possess discretion enough, we hope, to decline the task of perusal.

Simply for this reason ; and to avoid falling into the error of a long preface ; the Editor of *THE JUVENILE KEEPSAKE* will content himself with suggesting to his young and fair readers (he means, of course, the whole juvenile public) when they are once comfortably seated round a large Christmas fire, beguiling their winter holidays as they

best may, only to persevere in turning over its pages so long as they happen to feel themselves either happier or better by a process every way so simple and attainable. At least, if they will consult Dr. Franklin's friend, the late Poor Richard of blessed and economic memory, he will show to demonstration, that by laying by at school just one penny half-penny per week, out of pocket-money devoted to buy "sweets for the sweet," a sum amounting at Christmas to the price of a Juvenile Annual, might easily be realized. Nor is this a consideration deserving to be treated lightly; if it be true, indeed, as we are assured that :

"It is good to be merry and wise,
It is good to be honest and true,"—

qualities that cannot be more effectually inculcated than by making young people happy, during the holidays, to their heart's content. Without any irksome details, therefore, the Editor assuredly cannot do better than refer them for an illustration of the good old English moral, in their own

persons,—to the tales and poems contained in his little book.

He has only then one pleasing duty left to perform,—that of expressing his grateful sense of the very obliging, flattering, and indeed affectionate manner, in which his Contributors of both sexes hastened to offer him their cordial encouragement and support. Here he has to acknowledge obligations he can never hope to repay; kindness and attention, such as will not soon be forgotten.

But the Editor must not, for a moment, trust his short preface with a topic that would necessarily lead him into a very long one. He is too well aware, that in the performance of the charities and duties of life, as in acts of courtesy, kindness, and goodness—a grateful silence is ever most pleasing to his excellent and accomplished countrywomen—England's cherished wives and daughters, whose attractions are surpassed only by their virtues.

To each and all of these, and to every youthful reader, the Editor would conclude with address-

ing the following words of a favorite but too little valued writer :

Go, favored being, labour to fulfil
The first best purpose of thy sojourn here :
Exert thy *talent*, and thro' toil or ill,
Thy course with unabated ardour steer :
Then, happy mortal, in whatever sphere
The hand that form'd has fated thee to move,
View good in all—let virtue ever cheer—
To vice and woe resist, and thou wilt prove
That there's a heaven below, which leads to that above.

WILLYAMS.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
Preface	iv
The Knight Watching his Armour	1
Sonnet. Life's Young Dream. By W. Roscoe.	4
The Deaf Filea; a Tale. By the Author of "Holland-Tide," and "Tales of the Munster Festivals."	6
The Choice of the Albanian Shepherds	29
Hymn. By Mrs. Opie	45
The Young Absentee. By T. Roscoe	46
Lines Addressed to a Young Lady immediately after Confir- mation	49
The Court of Proserpine. A Dialogue. By Miss Aikin	50
Song. By H. R.	59
May Morning. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing	60
The Butterfly and the Two Scorpions. Translated from the Italian of De Rossi. By Agnes Strickland, Authoress of "Worcester Field," "The Seven Ages of Woman," &c.	63
The Flower Show	65
A Farewell Song. By Mrs. Hemans	77
Friendship. By J. E. Roscoe	78

	<i>Page</i>
A Wish. By Charles M'Carthy	90
Sonnet. On Mr. Martin's Picture of "The Fall of Nineveh."	
By J. A. St. John	81
The British Officer and his Slave	82
Song. "I will come to thee when night winds creep"	80
My Sister's Garden. Written for a Little Boy on the Death of his Sister	90
The Lily of the Valley and the Anemone	92
Song. By David Lester Richardson	93
The Dear Bought Victory; or, the Monkey and the Sack of Nuts. Translated from the Italian of De Rossi. By Agnes Strickland	94
Sonnet. To a Child	96
The School Boys. By Mrs. Hofland	97
Song. By Jane Bourne	103
Lines to a Little Girl that had lost her Mother. By T. Roscoe	104
The Diamond Washers	107
Love and the Butterfly. By Richard Hill	116
Song. "There's not a heath, however rude."	117
Our Village Clerk. By an Harrovian	119
The Secret	119
A Thought of Home at Sea. By Mrs. Hemans	120
Zoé and Muriotti. By Don Telesforo de Trueba, Author of "Gomez Arias."	121
Evening Hymn of the Tyrolese Peasants	129
A Favorite Cat's Epistle to Three Young Friends Abroad. By Miss M. A. Porter	130
To a Young Friend with a Pocket-book, presented on her Birth- day. By Mrs. Cockle	133

CONTENTS.

xiii

Page

Song of a Fay. By Patrick Fraser Tytler	134
Henry Vernon ; or, the Passionate Boy	135
Old Walls. Ruins of a Monastery in the South of Devon	142
Flowers. By Emily Taylor	144
To my Infant Boy. By Leitch Ritchie	145
The Young Tyrolese. By the Author of "The Rival Crusoes," &c. &c.	146
Lines Written in the First Page of a Young Lady's Album. By Mrs. Cockle	156
A Winter's Wish	160
A Valentine to a Little Boy, with a Magnet. By the late Mr. John Taylor, of Norwich ; communicated by his Daughter, Mrs. H. Reeve	161
Sonnet. On the Death of an aged Relative	163
Anecdotes of the African Elephant. By Thomas Pringle	164
Moravian Lullaby. By T. P.	168
Verses Written for a Lady's Album. By J. A. St. John	169
Invitation to Christmas Mirth	170
Florenza La Bella	171
Lines Written on the Death of the Seaman who accompanied Captain Parry on his First Voyage, &c.	172
The Contrast	173
The Young Aid-du Camp	174
Grief. By David Lester Richardson	193
Sonnet. The Orphan Child. By Emily Taylor	194
Description of Menai Bridge, near Bangor	195
The Ruined Tower. A Ballad. By C. Redding	198
A Christmas Story	205
Spring	212

	<i>Page</i>
Sonnet. The African Mother	213
The Origin of the Muses. By George Fletcher	214
Epitaph on Miss M. A. Wilkinson. By the late Sir James Edward Smith	215
The Bird of Prague	216
Sonnet	219
Charades	220

THE

KNIGHT WATCHING HIS ARMOUR.

It was at night's mysterious hour, within an ancient pile,
A stately youth, of gentle blood, paced up and down the
aisle ;

For there his helmet and his shield before the altar lay,
And he must watch beside his arms, until the coming day.
His heart with mingled feelings swell'd, of courage and
delight,

He long'd to try his virgin sword in tourney or in fight,
That he might win the knightly wreath, and lay it at *her*
feet,

Whose smile, than any monarch's crown, to him was far
more sweet,

He paused beside a tomb, scarce seen, through twilight's
shadow grey,

For there the image carved in stone of his gallant father
lay ;

And as he thought on all the deeds of him who knew no
fear,

His feelings thus found vent in words, though there were
none to hear :

“ Oh thou, at whose high word the walls of Jericho fell
down !

Give me my father's courage,—give my father's high re-
nown !

So I like him beloved shall live—like him lamented die,
And thus my deeds be made the theme of poets' minstrelsy.”

Scarce had he breathed his fervent prayer, when lo ! within
the tomb

A solemn, well-known voice was heard to answer through
the gloom ;

“ Ask rather for that holier gift, which comes alone from him
Who sits on heaven's high throne of state—his guard the
cherubim.

Ask for the power to do his will—a heart to know his way,
Such knowledge, only, can avail in that most fearful day,
When the bright sun and silver moon, in heaven shall cease
to roll,

And the glorious firmament so fair be as a flaming scroll.

“ Alas ! imprudent thou to ask my courage and renown,
For fame is lighter than the wind, that waves the thistle's
down ;

And thou thy fairest deeds must do, unseen of every eye,
Save that of yon Almighty power, who rules above the sky.
Oh better far to wipe away the tear from sorrow's cheek,
Or to the drooping mourner's soul, a kindly word to speak ;

Than in the bloody battle field, to win a knightly name,
Where thronging thousands round applaud thy deeds with
loud acclaim.

“ Thy mother sits beside her hearth, a widow and alone !
For all her gallant sons, save thee, and daughters fair, are
gone.

It is not thine to seek the field, where prancing chargers neigh,
Thou must remain with her, to be her age's prop and stay.
And though the world perchance may smile, and call thy
courage weak,

And say thou should'st not sheathe thy sword, but bold ad-
ventures seek ;

Heed not its idle sneers, for thou thy courage more may'st
shew,

In meeting thus the world's ' dread laugh,' than if thou met
the foe.

“ And when that awful hour must come, when he who gave
thee breath,

Shall seal thine eyes, and stop thine ears, beneath the grasp
of death ;

When thou must quit this world, with all its sorrows and its
joys,

And to the eternal bar of truth, to meet thy Maker rise ;

The deeds of chivalry which now thou seek'st with such
delight,

Will fade to empty nothingness, before thy aching sight ;

While those good deeds in secret done, that scarce in me-
mory live,

Shall plead for mercy at his throne, who only can forgive.

“ Go then, my well beloved son ! the last of all our race !
Yet leave not for a foreign land thy father's dwelling place.
Remember all the virtuous deeds thy ancestors have done,
Nor let disgrace for tarnish'd worth be charged upon their
son.

So shalt thou live beloved of all—where'er thy lot be cast,
And when that hour shall come to thee, which comes to all,
at last,

Thou shalt cast off this mortal coil, and disembodied rise
On seraph pinions upward borne rejoicing to the skies.”

Sonnet.

LIFE'S YOUNG DREAM.

BY W. ROSCOE.

I DREAMT that in the earliest prime of spring,
When shone the sun with mild and tempered ray,
I saw two vagrant children take their way
O'er a wild heath ; whilst soaring on the wing
The sky-lark pealed, and every living thing
Seemed touched with gladness. Sympathetic they
Partook the joy ; as on the turf they lay,
In short sweet respite of their wandering.
Sudden I woke—the storms of winter raged,
The heavier storms of life my soul oppressed,
And all the lovely scenery was gone ;
Yet still its charms my waking thoughts engaged,
As if a recollection filled my breast,
That of those blissful wanderers, I was one.

THE DEAF FILEA,

A TALE.

By the Author of "Holland Tide," and "Tales of the Munster Festivals."

LONG study, and the most laborious application, were necessary to obtain those honours by which men of learning and genius were distinguished in the ancient Irish colleges. Those honours entitled the successful candidates to take precedence of the warriors and nobles of the day, and to occupy a place which was second only to Royalty itself.

In the rank of the Ollamhs, which was the highest degree conferred on the cultivators of the lighter muse in those ancient academies, was the venerable and highly gifted Madaghan, the Ard-filea, or chief poet and chronicler to the Arch-King of Erin. His duty was to furnish the rhymes or metrical histories of the day—to compose those martial odes which were set to music, and sung by the crotaries or harpers at the public feasts—to retain in his memory no less than three hundred and fifty stories of past times, for the amusement and instruction of the people, and in quality of bard, which he added to his other accomplishments, to execute

with a ready finger the most intricate pieces of music. For these services he was usually rewarded, according to the custom of the time, with twenty milch kine, besides enjoying the privilege of free entertainment for a month after, and the attendance of four and twenty servants. Merry were the companies which Madaghan enlivened with his presence, and long were his narratives remembered by the hearers, for no one understood so well the art of conveying solid instruction under the guise of mirth, and intermingling his most fanciful incidents with maxims of practical wisdom.

But although he often enlivened the hearts of others, his own was not without its cares. His only child, a son, who, he hoped, should inherit his talents and his fortune, proved to be deaf and dumb, and there remained no hope of his advancement in life. The father had seen all his relatives descend into the tomb before him, and felt his own life wasting rapidly away, without any prospect of leaving his son established in comfort after him. His affliction at this circumstance was the keener, as the boy was beautiful, affectionate, and intelligent beyond many of those who were rising rapidly in the esteem and favour of the public. The poor old Ollamh, who loved his child with all the tenderness of a father, sighed as he accorded to the children of his friends and neighbours those honours which his own boy could never hope to accomplish. It was not that the old man's heart was capable of so foul a passion as envy—but it was natural that, with the most benevolent feelings, the sight of filial merit and paternal happiness should remind him, by the contrast, of his own affliction. He was often visited by those remembrances of grief, for the consciousness of his own disappointment made him careful of inflicting a similar

pain upon the hearts of other parents, by showing any rigour in his examination of the young candidates that came before him. His heart sunk and grew heavy under the weight of its own feelings, and he who knew so well how to soothe, and even banish the sorrow of another, was often in want of a comforter for his own.

The younger Madaghan showed that the deficiency in his senses did not extend to his intellect or to his heart. His eyes were ever fixed upon his parent. The slightest action of the old man's hand, or motion of his frame, was to him a swifter indication of his wishes than language would have been to another. He brought him his clarsech,* when he saw the clouds gathering upon his brow, although he knew not why it was that running his fingers along the chords of the instrument should inspire joy and life into the heart of his father, as well as of the listeners. Neither could he understand the cause of the old harper's grief, but he did all that lay in his power to ascertain and remove it. His efforts, however, could only aggravate the evil they were intended to counteract, and it was with pain and surprise he perceived, that the more he exerted himself to withdraw the arrow, the deeper did he infix it in the heart of the old man.

One evening, when the aged Ollamh was striking a mournful air upon his instrument, while the sun was sinking in the west, and flinging across their shieling door the shadow of an adjacent round tower, his son approached, and bent his eyes on his face with an expression of deep interest and anxiety. The earnestness of his look brought back some sorrowful recollections to the harper, who, letting his

* The harp.

hand fall idly on his knee, endeavoured to trace, in the blooming features of the youth, the semblance of his long lost mother. Tear following tear flowed down the old man's cheek, as he thought of the happiness of other times, until at length he pushed the clarsech aside with a feeling of heart-sickness, and sunk back on his tripod, overwhelmed at once by memory, and his forebodings.

The young man started forward, and flung his arms wide, as if to solicit some explanation of this burst of sorrow. He pressed his hand forcibly on his heart, to express what was passing within. He uttered some passionate and inarticulate murmurs—threw himself at the feet of his parent—embraced his knees, and again looked up eagerly and inquiringly in his eyes. The Ollamh smiled through his grief at those demonstrations of affection, and laid his hand kindly on the curling ringlets of the youth, while he shook his head at the same time to express the hopelessness of his condition. The youth started to his feet, and pointed to the four quarters of the world, intimating by the liveliest gestures, his readiness to undertake any toil or journey, that could restore happiness to his parent. Again the latter shook his grey hairs in silence, and pointed up to heaven. The youth understood his meaning, and bending down with a feeling of deep, though silent reverence, burst into tears, and rushed into the adjoining wood.

His knowledge of religion was distinct, and his devotion deep. He reflected on the mute answer of his parent, and resolved to follow up the intimation, by addressing himself for information and assistance to the great author of existence himself. The round tower before mentioned was attached to a church, in which were heard, at this mo-

ment, (but not by the unfortunate youth,) the voices of the monks, who chaunted the evening service of their religion, accompanied with their small and sweet-toned cruits, a stringed instrument then in use. He entered the chapel, and proceeded with his hands crossed, and his head declining on his bosom, to the foot of the altar. He had no words to express his wishes, but the thoughts and aspirations of his heart flew to the throne of mercy with a fervour far excelling that of many who, being gifted with the faculty of speech, use it in prayer rather as a substitute than a vehicle for the feelings of the soul. He prayed long and ardently with veneration, with faith, with confidence, and with resignation—for the soul of man, when once taught to know and to love its God, needs no human instructions to teach it how to address and adore him. Perhaps the dumb boy's heart was better fitted to hear and to understand the secret voice of heaven speaking within it, that his ears had never been opened to the sinful sounds of earth.

I will not presume to represent in language that prayer which flew to the bosom of the Creator, without the aid of words. Enough is said, when I mention that, pure and disinterested in its object, it was heard and granted.

The youth was yet on his knees—yet agitated by one of those divine consolations that make the “tears of devotion sweeter than the joys of theatres,” when he was seized with a sudden pain in his ears, followed by the discharge of a thin liquid that seemed to burst within his throat. Immediately after, a multitude of new and wonderful sensations broke at once upon his spirit. How shall I give you any idea of their nature? Imagine yourself to stand in the centre of a spacious hall, which is filled with machinery in

rapid motion, sending forth sounds of various kinds, stunning the ear with the clash of cymbals, the rolling of drums, the pealing of artillery, the crash of falling towers, and the warbling of wild instruments, all mingling together in an overwhelming chaos of sound, and you may conceive something of the sensations which bewildered the affrighted youth. After some moments however, this confusion of noises abated, and his sense acquired the power of distinguishing the natural sounds by which it was affected. He tossed his arms into the air, and remained for a moment fixed in an attitude of ecstasy and astonishment. He seemed as if he had been suddenly hurried into a new state of existence. The sound of his own breath as he panted in the agitation of his spirit—the tinkling of the small silver bell that was rung at one of the closes in the service—the solemn voices of the choristers, with the murmuring of the sweet-stringed instruments—the sound of his own feet upon the tessellated pavement—the whispering of the wind among the boughs that shaded the open window—all filled him with wonder, ecstasy, and gratitude. His cheeks glowed—his eyes filled with fire—his brow was covered with perspiration—his heart swelled within his bosom as if it would burst with the strength and intensity of the emotions that filled it, until at length, oppressed almost to fainting with the intoxicating happiness that this new faculty afforded him, he flung himself at full length upon the ground, and found relief in a passion of tears and thanksgiving.

Neither was he ignorant of the great importance of the benefit which he had thus received. He perfectly understood that he had now acquired that great power, the want of which had hitherto kept him so far beneath the level of

his companions, and shut him out from the walks of science and of learning. He felt his soul expand within him, as he thought of the happiness which the knowledge of this great blessing would confer upon his aged father—and here a new idea started into his mind.

To complete the joy of the latter, he thought it would be better to defer the communication of this joyous intelligence, until he had ascertained the capabilities of the sense, and acquired some portion of the information which it was able to impart. The idea no sooner presented itself to his understanding, than he resolved to embrace it. He returned home, full of this exciting determination, and lingering long upon his pathway through the wood, in order to hear the song of the evening birds—the cooing of the wild pigeons—the twittering of the wren—the rippling of the small stream, and all the other sounds that broke so sweetly upon the stillness of the evening air.

The sound of his father's harp, as he reached the shieling door, furnished him with a new occasion for delight and astonishment. He paused and gazed with open eyes and mouth upon the minstrel, while the aged fingers of the latter ran rapidly along the chords—

——“with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out—”

The air was one of a mournful mode, and young Madaghan wondered at the delicious sorrow which it diffused throughout his frame. Fearful, however, of betraying himself by his emotions, he passed his parent, and entered the house, with a hurried and agitated step.

His passions and his genius, keen and active as they natu-

rally were, became still more acute and susceptible, under the influence of this new excitement. Joy, fear, sorrow, all the internal feelings of his nature were called out into more active exercise, by the stimulus which this exquisite sense continually supplied. Knowledge, which, hitherto, he had only received in filtered drops, now rushed like a torrent upon his soul; he felt as if the earth were too narrow to contain the bigness of his spirit. He was overpowered with the greatness of his own nature, and resolved that no single moment should be lost in converting to its most perfect uses the new talent with which the Almighty had entrusted him.

In a few months he found himself fully capable of imitating all the sounds which he heard in society, and by which he perceived, that men communicated their thoughts to one another. His quickness of observation, and retentive memory, had rendered him master of the uses and signification of the terms which he heard, and he practised in the recesses of the wood, far away from the ears of men, those modulations and inflexions of the voice which had charmed him most in the conversation of others.

He now felt the necessity of entrusting a second person with his secret—a person who possessed both the power and the inclination to assist him in his design. He selected for this purpose no less an individual than the prior of the little monastery where he had received his hearing—a man who was perfectly well acquainted with the Ard-filea, and possessed the esteem and love of all who were acquainted with him. It was not, however, that the pious ecclesiastic sought to be esteemed by them for the sake of enjoying their applause. Ambition of that nature is almost sure to disappoint itself.

The excellent prior was in his oratory when young Madaghan presented himself at the gate of the convent, and made signs to be admitted. The porter instantly complied, for the mean and truckling subterfuge of modern etiquette, was in those days either unknown or despised. The young man passed into the presence of the prior, who received him with gentleness and favour. He had long observed the piety and filial affection of the poor deaf youth, and felt much interested in his fortunes, as well as in the afflictions of the father. But nothing could exceed his astonishment when the young man, trembling, and almost weeping with emotion, addressed him in a distinct and articulate voice, and told him the story of the last few months.

"I wish," he continued, after he had left no incident of his narrative unrelated—"I wish to keep this circumstance a secret from my father, until I have made some considerable progress in the studies which become my age, in order that his surprize and delight may be the greater. I came to the resolution of applying to you for assistance, as I was sure from the kindness you always showed to my father and myself, that you would readily procure me the opportunities of instruction which were necessary.

He was not deceived in his estimation of the good ecclesiastic's character. The latter entered with heartfelt pleasure and alacrity into his harmless project. The genius, the resolution, and self-denial of the young man, filled him with admiration, and he resolved to take the task of his instruction into his own hands. Months passed away, and the secret of the youth remained between his benevolent instructor and himself. His education was consummate in those particular walks of science which constituted the profession

of his father, and he made no inconsiderable progress in those departments of general knowledge which were adapted to form and extend his mind, so as to render it the more capable of excellence in any particular avocation.

A day of awful interest to all the young students in Meath now approached. It was a day of public competition among them, for the lofty post of Ard-filea to the king, which the aged Madaghan, finding its duties become too arduous for his declining health, resolved to resign in favour of the most deserving.

On the evening before the public examination the Ard-filea felt an unusual heaviness press upon his spirits. The souls of worldly men, who have grown old in any particular avocation, are frequently so helpless in themselves, and so dependant upon worldly employments for mental occupation, that it seems to them like relinquishing life itself, to abdicate any long accustomed and influential office; and this, even when the infirmities of old age, have incapacitated them for effectually discharging its duties. Such, however, was not the cause of the Ollamh's sorrow. He had long before learned the true object of his existence on earth, and wished, as his frame grew feeble, and wasted slowly to decay, that he might, by placing his heavier cares on younger and stronger shoulders, obtain more leisure for the contemplation of that divinity, into whose presence he must soon be introduced.

But his fears for the welfare of his unhappy son were not diminished as he felt the time approach of their final separation. He had observed with increasing concern, that the character and demeanour of the young man had of late been altered. His lively and intelligent art of gesticulation

seemed to have abandoned him, and in proportion as he acquired the language of society, he seemed to have lost that of nature. His cheek was pale and wasted from the closeness and intensity of his application, and the old man thought the hand of disease was on him. His eye had lost its accustomed quickness and restlessness, and became meditative and solemn in its expression. The change perplexed his parent, who thought he saw, in that which was really the effect of an improved understanding, the symptoms of its decay.

The young man's anxiety, likewise, became almost ungovernable on this evening. His spirits were hurried to and fro like a sea that is tossed by sudden tempests. Sometimes the anticipation of success, and of its consequences, excited him to a degree of almost painful ecstasy, and he was borne away upon the wings of triumph and exultation, till his head grew dizzy, and his heart drunk with the fulness of its imagined rapture. Sometimes, a dark tide of fears would come rushing down upon his heart; and bodements of the ruin, failure, and disgrace, that might attend him on the morrow, would shake his soul with terror. He used his utmost exertions to conquer those unreasonable emotions, and to cast all his cares upon the will of Providence, but it was an hour of severe trial for the fortitude of his character.

The father, occupied by his own feelings, did not observe the agitation of his son. When the latter, as usual, brought him his clarsech after their evening meal, he motioned him to remove it again, and intimated by a gesture, that his present sorrow was one which music could not allay.

The young man looked wistfully upon him. As the old Ollamh caught his eye, he held out his hand with an affectionate smile, and drew him to his side.

"My poor boy," said he, unconscious that his words were understood, "to-morrow will be a bitter day for your father. When my little Melcha first placed you in my arms, a beautiful and healthy child, I thought that I should one day see you capable of inheriting the fortunes and the duties of your father, and I scarcely mourned over her early tomb when I looked upon your face, and thought of the future. But heaven (that blesses with calamity as well as with good fortune), soon struck me for my vain ambition. The day is come to which I looked forth so proudly, and you my son must stand idly by, while the child of a stranger shall wear the gold ring, and strike the clarsech of your father. And yet it is not even for this I am troubled; but, my poor forlorn boy! my limbs are growing old and feeble, and the lamp of life is flickering in its socket within me. When it shall be extinguished, I tremble to think of the darkness which shall envelope your fortunes."

Never did the preservation of the young man's secret appear to him a task of greater difficulty than at this moment. All his magnanimity seemed insufficient to restrain the burning desire which he felt of flinging himself at his father's feet, and declaring the whole truth. His lips seemed almost trembling with the words of confession. He longed to embrace the old man's neck, and to exclaim, "Your hopes, my dear father, shall not be blasted—my ears are not deaf—my lips are not dumb! Be comforted.—Your son shall yet inherit your honours. The gold ring and the clarsech shall not pass to the hand of a stranger—I am not the destitute being you suppose. The Almighty has heard my prayers, and made me capable of fulfilling that station in society for which your fondness first designed me."

Repressing, however, by a violent effort, the impulse of his filial affection, he threw his brirede or cap on his head, drew his saga around his shoulders, and hurried forth to find consolation and assistance in the advice of his preceptor.

The good ecclesiastic warned him against the indulgence of an anxiety, which had in it a mixture of worldly solicitude and impetuosity. He pointed out to him the distinction between that solicitude to obtain success, which is always a culpable and human feeling, and that care to deserve it, which is a paramount virtue. The first, he said, was sure to obstruct, the second seldom failed in promoting the progress of the aspirant.

“ For yourself, my young friend,” he continued, “ I may inform you, that your success to-morrow is morally certain. I am acquainted with the qualifications of all your competitors, and I know that the most excellent must fall far short of you in skill and acquirement. When I tell you, therefore, that this occasion has not left me free from anxiety on your account, you must know that it is not with fears of your failure and disappointment, that my mind is burthened. I look further than to-morrow for the dangers which are likely to assail you. Your genius, and the depth and integrity of your character, lead me to tremble for your moral welfare, when the restraint of discipline shall be removed, and you shall be entrusted to your own guidance, upon the world of public life. I tremble the more, because I know it to be a general delusion of youthful genius, to suppose that it is not subject to those laws which govern the moral character of less gifted minds, and that it possesses a charter for self-legislation in its birth-right. I tremble the more, because, all solitary as my life has been for many years, I

know that world on which you are about to enter. When the tyrant Thorgils laid waste the country and pillaged the monasteries, I was one of those who escaped with life from the burning ruins of Beancoir. The storms which shook me out of my peaceful solitude, compelled me to see more of men and of the world than I had ever expected to behold. The lives of those whom I beheld astonished me, accustomed as I was in my retirement to serious reflection. I saw many rush forward upon the theatre of life, as if not wholly ignorant, but totally careless of the changes that were to follow the passing of the scene. Some, if they thought at all, seemed to suppose themselves only created for the purpose of enjoying the pleasures which the world afforded them; spun a few giddy rounds upon its surface, and sunk with a reeling head and sickened heart into its bosom. Some, scorning the levity which marked the conduct of those idlers, applied themselves to laborious toil and exertion, obtained the ends of their industry, and sunk no less dissatisfied and disappointed into the grave. Some, too, as if profiting by the example of those who had gone before them, toiled neither for profit nor for pleasure, but contenting themselves with the sensual indulgences that lay immediately within their grasp, crawled like worms along the surface of the earth, and then shrunk beneath the sod, unthought of and unlamented. A few souls, gifted with nobler energies, and feeling within themselves the void which told them they were created for nobler modes of enjoyment, than any thing they beheld around them, marked out a loftier path for their direction. They devoted their days to the pursuit of knowledge—and knowledge shone in upon their souls like sunshine. But there they rested.

The light they found was more blinding to their souls than the darkness they had left. They leaped a brook, and they thought they could leap an ocean. They looked only to the clear, open course that lay before them—they remembered not that its length was infinite, and death struck them before they finished a single stage. Foolish men ! I thought, as I beheld their ruin ; you have taken a long way to a place that lay close beside you. The peasant, the dull, but virtuous boor, whose ignorance filled you with scorn, shall now discover before you, all that you sought to learn—he shall learn the mysteries of the great creation from the Creator himself, while you are doomed to dwell in endless ignorance ; he shall unravel all the wonders of the universe, while you shall still remain perplexed with partial theories, and enigmatical explanations ; the illimitable system shall be to him a paradise of light, while you shall dwell for ever in the hell of exterior darkness. Happy is the man who pursues knowledge with a pure heart and simple intention, discovering at every step new causes for divine love, and for increased humility, applying all the information he acquires to the good of his fellow creatures, and to the perfection of his own virtues. O science, how frivolous are the efforts of thy votaries, when they mistake thy uses, and miscalculate thy power ! O Virtue, how ignorant is Science when compared to thee !

“ I saw and said these things,” the monk continued, “ and I contrasted with what I beheld, my own humble but certain hope, in the promises on which our faith is founded. I know and feel that it is only in the fulfilment of that promise my soul can ever find content. I never looked on a sight of beauty or of interest with which my eye was so per-

fectly satisfied, that it could desire to see nothing more beautiful, and nothing more interesting. Our bards play well, and the voice of friendship is sweet to the ear, yet I have never heard since life first filled my nerves, sounds which fully satisfied my sense of hearing. I have risen from a sick bed, and inhaled the perfume of the spring, but even then in the ecstasy of recovered life and health, I could not say that my senses were perfectly satisfied with the enjoyment that was afforded them, nor can they be satisfied at any time in this world. It is so with one—it is so with all. That is a true word, young man, which says, that the eye is not filled with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. For this I mourn and sigh—for this I fast and pray—for this I hunger and thirst and watch—for this promise which is as certain of accomplishment to those who truly look for it, as that the sun which set to-night shall rise to-morrow—the promise that the lover and practiser of virtue shall inherit a lovelier and more lasting world, where the eye shall be filled with a certain light, and the ear with a certain sound; and all the senses and all the affections of the soul, with a happiness that shall leave them no further desire, nor capability of enjoyment.”

The morning dawned at length, and young Madaghan, accompanied by the prior, repaired to the place of meeting, where the Arch-king and his court were already assembled to decide upon the respective merits of the competitors. The principal trial of strength was an eulogium pronounced in verse upon the present holder of the office; but there were many prior contests in music and literature, in which it was necessary for the successful candidate to prove his excellence.

The Ard-filea proceeded to the place in his robes of state ; the truis of various colours—the long white cotaigh that flowed over his person—the birrede that covered his head—the gold ring that glittered on his finger—and the clarsech that hung suspended from his neck ; comprising within his costume the six colours which only the royal and the learned were privileged to wear. He took his place in a small recess apart from the assembly, where he waited the issue of the proceedings, without seeing or being seen by the candidates. This arrangement was adopted from an obvious feeling of decorum.

The scene which the hall of assembly presented, was one well calculated to abash the spirits, and depress the hopes of the young aspirants. The Arch-king sat in front, in his regal insignia, while at various distances around him were seated the dignitaries of the court and camp—the chieftains of townships, and the knights of the various national orders in all their splendid varieties of costume and ornament. A multitude of inferior courtiers filled up the spaces all around, while an open space in the midst was reserved for the candidates.

Several persons ran from time to time to the recess of the Ard-filea, to inform him of the progress of the contest. He heard their intelligence without much interest or emotion.

“ The contest of the clarsech is decided ! ” cried one, running eagerly to the old man, “ did you not hear the acclamations that burst from the people ? The victory was awarded to a fair young man, of whose name all persons except the prior, your friend, appear to be ignorant. His skill is astonishing ! The melody flows from his instrument as if it were touched by the winds alone, so nimbly do his

fingers move? No string ceases to tremble from the instant he takes the harp in hand, until he has laid it aside."

"I rejoice," said the Ard-filea, mournfully, "that the king shall not want an efficient minstrel. Hark! There is a second burst of acclamations. Who is the victor now?"

He was answered by the same person, who came running to him with greater eagerness than before.

"They have decided the second contest. The victory in reciting the Eye of the Battle has been obtained."

"By my old pupil, Eagna?" asked the old man.

"No. Eagna's composition attracted universal admiration, but he was excelled by another, the same youth who obtained the prize in music. Never was there a finer genius. He rushed into his subject like a warrior armed for combat, bearing down before him all criticism—all thought of cavil or objection. His eye kindled—his cheek became inflamed—his form enlarged—his voice rung like the clang of a trumpet. His images started up rapidly, one after another, shining, exact, and noble. The sounds of war found echoes in his numbers; the pictures of the battle came before our eyes as he sung, until the knights laid their weapons bare—the standards shook in the hands of the galloglachs—the tioseachs* sprung to their feet, as if to head an assault, while the war cry of "Farrah!" trembled on their lips, and the good king Aodh himself shook his sceptre as if it had been a javelin."

"It is singular his name should be unknown," said the Ard-filea, more interested than before; "I am sorry for poor Eagna's disappointment, but the genius of this youth has touched me. Ah! my poor dumb boy! I have seen a

* Military chiefs.

fire in your eye, that spoke of a burning spirit within, could it but find a voice for utterance. Well! well! I am contented."

Again the roof trembled with the acclamations of the multitude, and again the old man's informant was by his side.

"It is completed!" he exclaimed, "the election has fallen on the young man. You may well be proud of such an eulogist. So modest an appeal—so rational—so feeling, was never before pronounced. His hearers were moved even to tears, and yet so simple was his language, that they attributed all to your merit, and nothing to the eloquence of your panegyrist."

At the same moment the crowd separated, and the old prior advanced, leading the successful candidate by the hand. His head hung down on his bosom, and his hand trembled while he did homage to the superior rank of the Ard-filea, by laying aside his girdle, and removing the green birrede from his head. Tears obscured the eyes of Madaghan, while he placed the gold ring on the slender finger of the boy, and prepared to loosen the string by which the clarsech was suspended round his neck.

"My sweet toned harp!" he said, "after long and fond attachment we must be separated, but it is some consolation to know, that I do not commit you to unworthy hands. Lift up your head, young man, and let me see the face of him who is to be my successor."

The victorious candidate remained on his knee, with his head still lowered, while his frame was shaken with sobs, and his tears washed the old man's feet.

"Rise!" said the latter, with dignity, "tears become a

child of song, but not when they flow like those of a maiden. Arise, and—Ha!—what?—my child? Impossible! My boy! Oh, heaven! Give me your hands, my friends! Prior, your hand!—this is some cheat—some mockery!—Was this well? My poor dumb boy, who made you a party against your old father?”

Confusion and sudden anger made the sensitive old man tremble exceedingly, while he clung for support to his friends, unable to conceive the meaning of what he beheld. His perplexity, though not his wonder, ceased, however, when the youth extended his arms quietly, and said with a delighted smile.

“Father, rejoice! It is your own fond child that speaks to you. Heaven, long since, in pity to my prayer, restored my hearing, and I kept the blessing secret, only for the purpose of enjoying the happiness of such a day as this. The day is come, and my joy is now complete.”

The Ard-filea threw himself with a broken cry of joy upon the neck of his son. He gave utterance to the feelings of his heart in exclamations of rapture and repeated caresses, while the spectators pressed around with brimming eyes, to share in the gratulations of the happy relatives.

“It is enough!” the old man exclaimed, looking to heaven with an eye that glistened with delight and gratitude; “I am contented for this earth. This, O Almighty Being, was more than I desired, more than I deserved. Let those who have not experienced thy benefits, if any such there be, presume to be dissatisfied—we, at least, have no room within our hearts for any thing but wonder, and praise, and love. Accept that love, accept that gratitude, my maker and benefactor! I prayed to thee and thou

hast heard me. Thou hast given peace to the old man's heart!—thou hast dried the old man's tears—thou hast hushed his sighs—thou wilt suffer him to lay his white hairs in quiet hope within the grave. Thou hast blest me! my soul within me thanks and adores thy goodness!"

When he had spoken, he suffered his hand to fall over the shoulder of the youth, while the evening sun shone calm upon the group, and a silence, tender and profound, stole over the assembled multitude.

SONNET.

TO A BROTHER ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

'Mid spring's inspiring gales, and budding flowers,
The day dawns bright that gave my Henry birth,
A thousand sweets adorn the laughing earth,
And Nature decks for thee her loveliest bowers ;
And thus you bloom, dear boy, in life's gay spring :
No worldly blight has marr'd thy opening youth,
'Ere while content with innocence and truth,
To taste the bliss domestic joys can bring.
O ever thus ! accept a sister's prayer !
In life's bright summer, her autumnal day,
Tread with unwearied foot fair virtue's way,
And " fear thy God, but have no other fear."
So in dark winter's hour, thy heart shall know
The bliss that days well spent, and virtuous deeds bestow.

M. A. J.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

HAST thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be ?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above ?
Then mayest thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talk'd with the blessed, of leading on
'To the throne of God some wandering son ?
Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright employ ?
Then mayest thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn, hast thou watched the bee
Go forth on her errands of industry ?
The bee, for herself, hath gather'd and toil'd,
But the mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone, with the traveller Thought afar,
From pole to pole, and from star to star ?
Thou hast—but on ocean, earth, or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand, inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling, pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever, since earth began, that look
Has been to the wise, an open book,
To win them back from the lore they prize,
To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings on earth, and sky and air,
The heavens the glory of God declare ;
But louder than voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

LINES.

BY J. E. ROSCOE.

SAY, is the fragrance of the rose
So dear because it breathes delight ?
Love we the flower because it glows
In all its blushing splendour bright ?

Is not more dear the lowliest bud,
Which friendship's hand has touched or given ;
Though it may grow in solitude,
Nor sweetly scent the winds of heaven ?

children. One of the Albanian youths stood with his bent bow in his hand, in the very act of taking aim at the king of the birds, in a bold fearless attitude, that attracted the admiration of the Sultan, who said in a low voice to his son, "By Alla, yon ambitious boy thinks to subject the feathered lord of these wilds to his dominion!"

"The winged sovereign of the mountain waste appears utterly to disregard his puny adversary's weak attack," replied the young Prince. "See how majestically he pursues his way towards his rocky eyrie with his prey—"

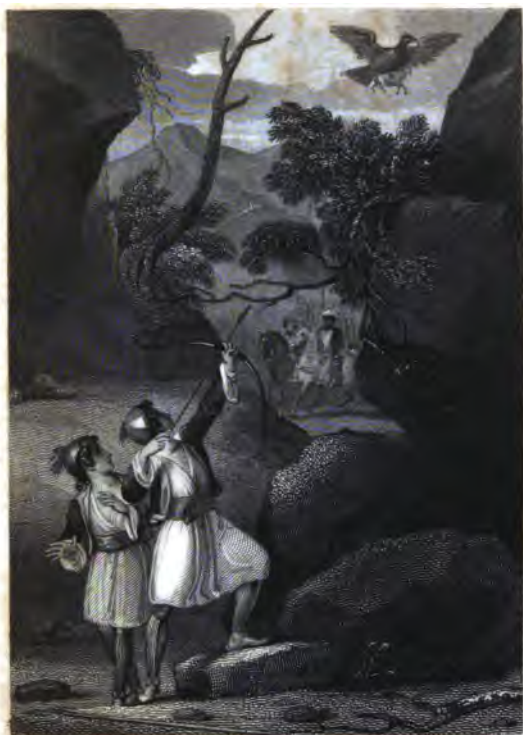
"Which yon bold youth will never permit him to reach, if I augur aright of his archery," rejoined the Sultan, whose experienced eye had noted well the air of determination and confidence in his own skill, that marked every movement of the shepherd boy.

At that moment, the youthful archer launched his arrow with such unerring hand, that the eagle came tumbling to the ground with a young lamb still trussed in his claws, and the fatal shaft sticking in his breast.

"Well aimed!" exclaimed the Sultan, pointing to the victorious archer, who stood contemplating the feathered tyrant with an expression of triumphant satisfaction. His comrade's fine features did not reflect back his joy, for he raised the bleeding and dying lamb to his bosom, and gazed on it with an air of compassion, not unmixed with sorrow, which formed a striking contrast to the animated pleasure that lighted up the eye of him who slew the eagle, and who regarded his expiring enemy with great exultation.

"By the soul of Mahomet my father," exclaimed the Turkish Sultan, "that boy is prouder of his victory over that bird, than we were after we had won the glorious battle

Tuinaishu ...
that bird, than we were after we had won the ...



Drawn by H. Corbould.

Engraved by F. Bacon.

THE ALBANIAN SHEPHERDS.

Published by Hurst Chance & Co. 35, Pauls Church Yard.



of Varna, and had slain the Hungarian king. Nay, our field of Cossova, so gallantly achieved, gave us not such pride, when we enforced the infidel Huniades to fly from our invincible presence."

"His comrade seems of a different temper," replied the Prince, "for he is weeping over that silly lamb. Surely they cannot be brethren."

"Their features are alike," rejoined the Sultan," and in height and size they seem each other's perfect counterpart. One resembles the other as closely as doth his own reflection in the clear brook hard by, although in sooth they seem actuated by a different spirit. I like their bearing, and I will enrol them both in my band of chosen youth. Hereafter they will make gallant Janizaries." So saying, the Sultan spurred his mettled war-horse down the winding path of the steep declivity, and approaching the spot where the young peasants stood, reined in his panting steed, and addressed them thus :

"My children, I have observed ye both, and like ye well. Say, will ye quit these rude and savage rocks and wilds, to follow the banners of the renowned Sultan Amurath?"

These courteous words had not the same effect on both the mountain children. The slayer of the eagle blushed with delight, and regarded the Sultan and his armed host with an admiring eye, somewhat tempered with awe ; while his milder brother, who still held the bleeding lamb in his arms, beheld the warlike array, and its imperial leader, with an air of calm indifference that somewhat mortified him.

"Well, my pretty youths," continued the Sultan, "will ye march this day with me ? Many of my greatest Captains

can boast no higher origin than ye, for merit with me has a surer claim to fame and power, than rank?"

"Lord of the East, I will be a soldier, I will go with you," replied the slayer of the eagle. "Come, my brother, come, dear Demetrius, leave caring for that silly lamb, and march with the renowned Sultan Amurath."

"Never, Constantine, never! I am a Christian boy, and will not follow a misbelieving Sultan to his unjust wars."

"How, slave?" exclaimed Prince Mahomet; "dare you raise your puny voice against your Lord?"

"Peace," said the Sultan, "you are too fiery, son Mahomet. It pleases us to hear the reasons of this rustic lad. Speak, then, Demetrius; I thy Lord permit thee."

The young shepherd heard this gracious permission as though he heard it not, and continued his exhortations to his brother in an under tone. "Constantine, dear Constantine, be not dazzled with this glorious show. Go not with this infidel Sultan to battle. Think of thy Saviour, of thy mother, of thy peaceful mountain home. Ah think of the fate of the presumptuous bird that lies dead at thy feet, and tempt not his doom."

"The lamb died also," rejoined the Sultan, with his accustomed self command of eye and tone—"Man's doom is written in the book of fate, and one end awaiteth alike the warrior and the peasant, since the angel of death shall strike them both through at the appointed hour. I shall send ye both to Adrianople to learn the art of war, where ye will soon forget your lowly home and Christian superstition, and will joyfully embrace our holy faith, and become, I doubt not, right valiant Janizaries."

"Lord of the East, you can send me thither it is true,"

replied Demetrius, intrepidly, "but you cannot make me a renegade, or compel me to serve you."

"That can soon be tried," said Prince Mahomet, with a smile that had nothing of pleasantry in it. "Obedience can be taught even to the most rebellious."

"You can make me a slave, but not a servant or a soldier," answered the Greek in the same undaunted tone. "I can die, but I will never devote my life to your service."

"Nay, rash boy," said the Sultan, with a smile, "be more guarded in thy speech. We took thee for a lamb, but in truth, thou dost resemble more a mountain wolf than that mild creature. Restrain thy sullen mood, and prepare to march with me, for I own no law besides my own will."

"You have the power, most mighty Sultan," exclaimed the stripling, "but not the right." He then dropped on his knees, and clasping his hands together, said in a tone of passionate entreaty, "Have pity on my mother; do not tear me from my mountain home; you gave me a free choice; Lord of the East, depart not from your word; permit us still to dwell in our obscurity."

This appeal to his honour was not lost on the Sultan, who was generally true to his word in those matters in which his unbounded ambition was not concerned, and he now asked in a mild tone, "If the home of Demetrius was indeed so dear to him?"

"More than life," eagerly replied the kneeling suppliant—"I was born in yonder rocky glen, under the lowly roof whose smoke you may perceive curling above those trees. When I quit that humble home to pursue the labours of the day, the time seems long till I hear my mother's

voice again, which sounds sweeter in my ears than the song of the bul-bul; and then, when my work is done, I praise my Creator and Almighty preserver, and sleep soundly till the warbling of the birds awakens me to join their matin hymn. Oh, if you take us away to your own land, my mother will die with grief, and the sounds of joy will never more gladden that lowly roof."

"You shall remain to cheer your mother's heart," said the Sultan in a softened tone; "I will not use my power to make you miserable."

"Lord of the East, I thank you," replied Demetrius, "but Constantine, what must become of Constantine? my soul lives in his bosom; besides, he is his mother's favourite. I cannot dwell in peace without the companion of my infancy. Oh do not take him from me."

The Sultan was less moved by this proof of fraternal love than he had been by the picture of content Demetrius had drawn in such lively colours. The reason was obvious. He was of the Ottoman line, a race of men who knew not the ties of brotherhood, and scrupled not to spill the blood of their nearest kindred, to further their own ambitious views. Amurath could not comprehend the nature of that bond which knit Demetrius to his brother, but he had sometimes wished to exchange the toils of empire for the obscurity of a private life, and had already once sought content in a Turkish cloister, till some new scheme of ambition had lured him back to the court and the camp. He now said with all his accustomed sternness, "Thy brother hath already made his own election. I thy Lord have permitted thee to dwell in thy native obscurity; be therewith content."

"Yes, mighty Sultan, I will be a soldier, I will march

with you," exclaimed Constantine—"surely this is a lucky day."

Demetrius sprang upon his feet, for till then he had continued on his knees, and flinging his arms round his neck, cried in a tone of passionate and affectionate entreaty—"Constantine, my brother, do not leave me; were we not born in the same hour—have we not said the same prayers—learned the same lessons—sang the same songs—tended the same flocks—and shared together all the sports and dangers of childhood? Constantine, give up your rash resolution! O do not leave me, Constantine!

"Nay, pretty youth," said the Sultan, "if you prefer the ignoble life of a shepherd to my favour, seek not to bar your wiser brother's path to fame."

Constantine was naturally of an aspiring temper, he was half angry with his brother for his vehement remonstrances, and he now disengaged himself from that fond fraternal embrace somewhat roughly, and bade the weeping Demetrius a hasty farewell. The Sultan gave the signal for his troops to resume their march; the martial music struck up, and the roll of the tambour, or Turkish drum, was re-echoed again and again among the mountains; but even those warlike sounds could not wholly stifle the lamentations of the bereaved Albanian brother, who continued to cry, "Oh Constantine, you will repent your choice. Return, return, my brother! miserable day! my mother, ah, woe is me, my mother!" till the Turkish army was no longer visible, and then sadly retraced the path that led to his humble home, to carry the evil tidings to his mother.

Oh how that pious Christian parent grieved when she heard the fatal truth, and knew that her first-born had

deserted her to follow an infidel Sultan ! She shed bitterer tears in that miserable moment, than if she had seen him consigned to his native dust, and from that sad day was never seen to smile.

Demetrius laboured to supply his brother's place : he toiled incessantly,—he even tried to seem happy, but the effort cost him much trouble, and was not often successful. Both the bereaved mother and son were pious Christians, and they ceased not to pray that their dear though erring relative might at least keep his faith undefiled ; but of that there was little hope, since he had voluntarily placed himself in a state of temptation : and tears would still mingle in all their prayers for him. At length, after lingering for some years in a sort of hopeless dejection, the mother of the twins died, and the sorrowful Demetrius was left a lonely mourner in the once happy mountain cottage. The young shepherd had often wished to exchange his crook for a sword, for from the hour his twin brother left him he ceased to take any delight in those peaceful employments that had once given him such pure and unalloyed pleasure. However, while his mother lived, he had checked this desire, and had devoted himself to her comfort and support, although those pastoral occupations continually reminded him of that brother, whose cruel desertion he never ceased to deplore. Death, as we have seen, rent asunder the bond that confined Demetrius to this obscure spot. He received his beloved parent's last sighs—he piled with his own duteous hands the green turf on her grave, and then abandoned for ever his desolate home to enlist under the banners of his heroic Prince, George Castriot, whom the Turks dreaded as that Scanderbeg whom they had seen grow up among them

only to be the avenger of his own beloved and injured country.

It was no common cause to which the Albanian shepherd devoted his vigorous arm,—it was the cause of his prince—of his native land—of liberty—and more than all, of Christianity. Demetrius followed the illustrious champion of the cross to battle against the invading infidel, with the ardour of a patriot and a hero, and gained in the sacred path he trod, fame, distinction, military rank, the approbation of his prince, and the esteem of all good men. On the death of his chivalric sovereign, Demetrius was appointed to a high command in the city of Scodra, which was then threatened with a siege from the son of the Sultan Amurath, who had long succeeded to his father's empire, and who inherited more than his father's ambition.

While Demetrius had been nobly fulfilling all the duties of a son, a Christian, and a patriot, his twin brother had forsaken his God with as little regret as he had shown when abandoning his kindred, his country, and the peaceful home of his childhood. His faith had never been of that kind which can withstand "the temptations of the world," and, despising "its pomps and vanities," rise superior to them all. He soon gave up "that excellent name to which every knee shall bow," whose worth "every tongue shall one day confess," and consented to receive the doctrines of the false prophet, and to forego those sublime privileges he had received by his baptism into the church of Christ. Indeed, he preferred being called the child of the Sultan, to becoming "the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

The Mahometan emperor always changed the Christian

name of the foreign children whom he received into his military school, and who were destined to become Janizaries, and as he had taken a liking to the young Albanian, he bestowed his own appellation upon him as a particular mark of his favour. Constantine was blinded by his ambition and the applause of his Ottoman lord, and from that inauspicious moment ceased to consider himself a Greek, and banished from his mind all remembrance of his mountain home and its once dear inmates, whose hearts continually yearned towards him. His quick talents and undaunted courage early marked him for promotion, and he became a renowned and successful warrior whom the Sultan Amurath "delighted to honour." Nor did the son and successor of Amurath regard the apostate with less favour, who followed his ambitious master to the siege of Constantinople, and greatly distinguished himself at the assault, as well as enriched himself during the sack of that unhappy Christian city. Mahomet was indeed so well satisfied with the conduct of the renegade on this memorable occasion, that he made him a Bassa, or military governor, and soon after gave him orders to accompany him in his expedition against Scodra.

Constantine (or as we must now call him, the Bassa Amurath) hesitated not to carry the desolating sword into the peaceful bosom of his native country. Prosperity had hardened a heart once good and kind, while ambition had nearly smothered all the holy affections of his youth; yet one spark still lingered among the dead embers, which memory suddenly kindled into a brief flame, whose momentary warmth only made him feel his lost condition without bringing him to repentance. Again he trod those moun-

tains which were the rocky bulwarks of his own land ; but it was as the servant of an infidel and invading Sultan, whose commands, however repugnant to his feelings, he had sworn to obey. Yet when he ascended the wild paths he had been accustomed to climb in childhood's happy unclouded day—when he beheld that ruined hut on whose broken roof the rank grass waved, from whose unclosed lattices the ivy hung in pendent festoons, and where the sighing of the mountain breeze was the only sound that met his ear—nature asserted her rights—the memory of vanished years rushed upon his soul, and he exclaimed, in the words of the Persian poet—“The friends of my youth, where are they ?” and the sullen echoes from the adjacent rocks replied,—“where are they ?” The renegade Bassa turned away and wept.

Many of the soldiers he commanded betrayed much surprise at their great Bassa's emotion, nor imagined that he, their proud chief, had first drawn breath beneath that lowly mountain roof. Among all that mighty host there was only one person who knew the cause of Amurath's agitation, and he was its imperial leader ; the unfortunate apostate caught the cold contemptuous glance of his haughty eye, and hastily dashed away his tears, for he knew that sympathy was a stranger to his imperial master's flinty bosom.

From that day the heart of Amurath was torn with remorse—grandeur no longer had power to charm him, and imperial favour failed to lull his conscience to rest. His very soul yearned towards his twin brother, and he panted to embrace that mother whose grave had been green for many a long year. The sight of his ruined home had revived his former affections and had filled his bosom with

thorns. His mother and Demetrius, whither had they fled? Did they still love him, still weep and pray for him, or were they in the grave, unconscious of his crimes and apostasy? He bitterly repented his rash choice, and secretly cursed the day in which he exchanged the peaceful life of a shepherd, for the guilty and turbulent one of an infidel soldier. Many envied this favourite of fortune (for so the renegade Bassa was frequently called by the army), but if even the meanest Asapi* could have seen the canker-worm that preyed on that sad heart, he would certainly have preferred his own low estate to the splendid cares of Amurath. That unhappy man dared not disclose the grief that darkened his mind. He now, for the first time, discovered that he was a slave—a gilded one it was true—yet not the less a bondsman because his chains were made of gold. He carefully concealed his uneasiness; nevertheless, his imperious master perceived it and divined the cause, and from that time forward regarded him with a watchful and suspicious eye.

Sultan Mahomet and his mighty army at length encamped before Scodra, whose commanding situation and fine buildings drew this remark from her besieger—"O! what a fair and stately place hath the eagle chosen to build her nest, and rear her young ones in,"—and he immediately gave orders to the engineers to batter down those rock-defended walls. The strength of the city foiled the skill of the ambitious Mahomet and his pioneers, and day succeeded to day—and week to week—and the flower of the Turkish army continued to fall before those Christian ramparts, till at length a breach was

* The common soldiers in the Turkish army are called Asapi, and were held in great contempt by the proud Janizaries.

opened by the cannon, through which the Sultan ordered Amurath to march with a chosen band of Janizaries into the city.

Amurath dared not decline the arduous command, which had already been refused by two of the Sultan's most experienced captains, who deemed the attempt impracticable, and who had the hardihood to tell him so—relying on their favour with the army, for their defence from their master's anger. The renegade was of a proud, aspiring temper; and the same ambition that had lured him from his native mountains, now prompted him to achieve the conquest of a place heretofore considered as impregnable. Yet as he led his chosen band up the steep ascent, in order to give the assault, he felt a bitter pang of remorse, as he reflected that he was about to assail a Christian city, and that city one of the strong-holds of his own unhappy country—and once he repented of his design. But then, again, he remembered his infidel master's anger, and resolutely steeled his heart to perform his commands.

Amurath had been a man of war from his youth, and when he heard the roll of the tambour mingling its deep tones with the trump and attabal, early association prevailed, and he remembered no more the mental conflict he had so lately endured, and was now ardent and impatient for the assault. Even Amurath's warlike master was astonished at the daring courage displayed; for notwithstanding the gallant efforts of the besieged, his renegade arm planted the Turkish standard on the ruined wall, and all gave back before the sweep of his scimitar. The inhabitants of Scodra considered themselves lost without remedy—when, suddenly, a Christian warrior dauntlessly cut his way through the

infidel host, and seizing the Turkish standard flung it into the moat, loudly calling upon his countrymen to follow him, and drive the besiegers back to their encampment.

Amurath, who already considered the city won, attacked the champion of the cross with the utmost fury : never were two combatants better matched for size or strength, and for some minutes the issue of the contest seemed doubtful, till a dreadful blow from Amurath's scimitar brought the Christian knight to his knees—but he recovered himself, and for an instant renewed the fight, with a courage that seemed to mock at pain, though faint and bleeding from his wounds. Amurath saw his advantage and followed it, and the patriot at length sank at his feet. His fall burst the bands of his vizor, and disclosed his mild pale features to the view of his proud enemy, as he was about to repeat the blow. The uplifted weapon dropped from the grasp of the affrighted renegade, and he pronounced the name of "Demetrius" in a tone of agonized despair. The sound of that beloved voice seemed to recal the fleeting spirit of the dying Christian—he opened his eyes—he saw and recognized his miserable brother, and feebly uttered, "Constantine! my unhappy brother! Constantine! may God and your country forgive you, as I do!—and then turning on the conscience-stricken wretch a look full of compassion and love, expired without a sigh.

The apostate stood still and motionless, regarding the lifeless form before him with a vacant stare, till his band raised a loud and triumphant shout, and attempted to rush over the body of Demetrius into the city. Then he appeared to be sensible of the fatal truth, for he drove back the Janizaries, who astonished and panic-struck looked at one

another as in doubt what course to take—and while they remained in this state of irresolution, a fresh reinforcement of Christians arrived on the spot, and repulsed them from the walls with great slaughter. They fled, and in their flight drew with them their wretched leader.

The Sultan, who was posted on a lofty eminence that overlooked the scene of contest, had contemplated from thence the victory and subsequent defeat of his troops with surprise and indignation, and now fiercely demanded of the fugitives the reason of this unexpected failure. A thousand voices charged the fault on Amurath, who did not attempt to justify himself, but silently awaited his doom.

“Slave,” exclaimed the enraged Sultan, “wherefore didst thou abandon the advantage thou hadst gained on yonder ramparts? and for which I was prepared to give thee a noble reward, even the hand of my fairest sister in marriage; and if that had been too little, I would have bestowed on thee whatsoever thou hadst asked of me, even to the half of my empire. Say, was it the gold of the Nazarene, or cowardice that caused thy flight?”

“Neither,” replied Amurath, gloomily, “I fled from a murdered brother—I slew him, but I could not trample upon the heroic dead. Tyrant! I have served thee too well—it is a brother’s blood with which my hands are stained, and such a brother,”—sobs choked his utterance, and he turned away to hide his emotion.

The Sultan, who had murdered all his male kindred even to the smiling infant in the cradle, could not share the feelings of the renegade Bassa, and he said in a stern tone—“He who would serve me, must own no brotherhood—must hold no ties of kindred sacred—nor scruple at my bidding

to plant the crescent on the ashes of his father's house." He motioned to the mutes who held the bowstring ready to strangle Amurath. That unhappy chief made no resistance, but bent his neck to the hands of the executioners, and while they were adjusting it, he suddenly exclaimed,—
"Oh, Demetrius! Demetrius!—if, like thee, I had been contented with my humble station, I should never have forsaken my faith, or followed an infidel and invading Sultan to his unjust wars, and thy blood would not have been shed by my hand which now, like that of Abel, crieth out for vengeance from the earth. Oh, Demetrius! but for my mad ambition I might have lived honored, and died in the defence of my country, like thee." Here the strangling cord choked his mournful accents, and the wretched Constantine ceased to breathe.

His corpse was denied the rites of sepulture, and cast without the camp with the utmost contempt by the insolent Moslems—while that of Demetrius was interred by the citizens of Scodra with the greatest honors, and was buried within the walls he had so valiantly defended; and his countrymen blessed his memory and wept while they consigned him to his last home, and left the patriot, who had saved that day the city, sleeping in peace "with his glory."

HYMN.

BY MRS. OPIE.

THERE's not a leaf within the bower ;
There's not a bird upon the tree ;
There's not a dew-drop on the flower ;
But bears the impress, Lord ! of thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf designed,
And gave the bird its thrilling tone ;
Thy power the dew-drop's tints combined,
Till like the diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes ; dew-drops, leaves, and buds, and all
The smallest, like the greatest things ;
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
Alike proclaim thee King of kings.

But man alone to bounteous heaven,
Thanksgiving's conscious strains can raise ;
To favoured man alone 'tis given
To join the angelic choir in praise !

THE YOUNG ABSENTEE.

BY T. ROSCOE.

I saw her in her young heart's loneliness,
When holiest thoughts of home, and all she loved
Filled her fond breast, and threw a pensive shade
O'er every feature ;—the wild laugh, the joy
Of youth had left her with her playmates dear ;
And memories sweet, yet sad, of those away—
Ah, far away—stole o'er her hours of rest,
As still she lingered, heedless of the chill
And dewy air that through her casement played,
And shook fresh fragrance from the flowers that hung
In clustering sweetness round. Long wishfully
She gazed where she had last ta'en farewell looks,
Companionless, and strange to the new world
Of school-day life, just opening on her view.

She sat alone, and pensively she leaned
Her face on her fair arm, and smiled and sighed
As sad, sweet thoughts, alternate crossed her mind.
It was a summer's night ; the hour was hushed
As infant slumbers, and the folding buds

And flowers with odorous incense filled the air.
The birds in grove and garden ceased their song ;
The leafy bowers and whispering breath of June
Alone made music for the ear of love—
A daughter's and a sister's nameless love,
When recollections of past scenes will come
Making us heart-sick, and ask tremblingly
If joys like those shall e'er be ours again—
Those faces and those voices that made glad
Our inmost being, as we gazed and listened,
And quite forgot—" To-morrow we must part."

Such were the thoughts of that dear absent one,
As from her seat o'er-canopied with flowers,
She looked upon the deep blue summer's sky,
Whose moon-lit beauty brought the scenes she loved,
When duties done, and prayers to heaven preferred,
Left her the luxury of her own sweet mind.
Her father's smile, her mother's looks of love,
Her little brother's shy, yet glad caress,
And her young sister's sportive tenderness,
These—more than these, dwelt in those lingering looks
Of pensive hope, and wishes long deferred.
Dreams she ? or will she be restored once more
To scenes of home, knit with her earliest being ?
No : young and unexperienced as she seemed,
She knew, she feared the many youthful changes,
Chequering our path along " the vale of tears."

She wept not,—yet forebodings filled her breast,
That she should never more behold her home,
Nor glad her eyes with all her heart held dear,
Revisiting those " green spots " in the waste

Of Life's short pilgrimage ; familiar scenes
In childhood loved, in after years most sacred,
Because they were—And were these hers no more,
Save in those dreams that visit the sick couch
'Ere the pure spirit winged its earthless flight ?
Her home was far ! though summoned swift away,
Could her fond friends yet reach, and bless her sight ?
She murmured not—for one watched near her still,
The holy hope of bright and fadeless spirits—
His light shone round her, and his voice was heard
Mighty to save : o'er nature's wearied breast
Soft balm he shed, and bade the death-strife cease,
As in faint prayer she sank to slumbers sweet.

She dreamed she saw a fair and fondling boy,
With golden hair and angel smiles of peace,
Leaning upon his mother's lap, who there
Sat weeping by her couch, while oft appeared
With darker features of a high stern sorrow,
Contrasted with a gentle sister's face,
Another well loved and familiar form ;
All at her side—She woke from that strange dream—
And oh what sight—what bliss unutterable !
Her father, mother, and dear playmates twain
Stood round, and blest and welcomed her to life—
It was an over payment for the past ;
And the sweet sufferer, as she clasped them, cried,
“ Yes, this is home, and God hath heard my prayer !”

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

IMMEDIATELY AFTER CONFIRMATION.

WILT thou forget, when lowly bending
Before the altar's sacred throne,
The awe and fear alternate blending
With hopes and joys before unknown ?

Wilt thou forget the holy feeling,
When on thy head the man of God,
With hands impress'd and eyes appealing,
A blessing ask'd, deplored the rod ?

Wilt thou forget thy bosom's thrilling,
As pass'd thy lips the binding vow,
That hence the Christian's path fulfilling,
Thou ne'er to vice thy heart would bow ?

Wilt thou forget when once more kneeling,
To share the pledge of love divine ;
The blissful awe, the rapture stealing,
That mark'd that pledge of mercy thine ?

Oh no ! bound to thy heavenly calling
God's holy servant thou wilt prove ;
Go blest ! no fear of death appalling,
Bright fix thine eye on realms above.

THE COURT OF PROSERPINE.

A Dialogue.

BY MISS AIKIN.

Scene.—The Palace of Pluto.

PROSERPINE—MERCURY—MOMUS.

PROSERPINE.

Be silent, Momus ; I am, and shall be to all eternity, in the spleen. Your jokes and stories have lost all their zest with me, and I can laugh at them no longer ; I a queen, a goddess—what a doom, and what society ! The most gloomy of all the deities for king and spouse, the Fates for ladies of the bedchamber, the Furies for maids of honour, half a dozen grim old heroes for lords in waiting, and Cerberus for a lap-dog ! And this I am to call a court ! Ah, vale of Enna ! Ah, Olympus !

MOMUS.

Add, however, the all accomplished Mercury for lord chamberlain, and Momus, the witty Momus, for court fool.

PROSERPINE.

True, the only cheerers of my joyless immortality. But

O! think of the delightful converse of my sister Goddesses ; think of the smiling graces, the sprightly nymphs, and the muses above all, the heavenly muses, to whose strains I was wont to listen with never-tired attention ; then say if I have not cause to mourn without ceasing, thus banished from my whole beloved sex.

MOMUS.

Your beloved sex indeed ! How marvellously does absence endear ! We hear nothing now of the pouting and snubbings of step-dame Juno—the prosings of that spiteful prude Minerva—the conceited airs of my pretty mistress Venus and her three mincing handmaids—the scandalous flirtations of the hoyden nymphs, and the endless recitations of the nine petticoated pedants—these things are all forgotten. But come, if you have such a longing after female society, bid Mercury pick you out a dozen or two of lady-ghosts, those mortal goddesses, muses, nymphs, and graces, as they were called by their mortal flatterers, who did not know what they were talking about. But indeed some of them are pretty company enough, considering ; at least Mercury and I may contrive to make you some sport out of them and their adventures.

MERCURY.

Yes, I certainly know a few whose company is better than none ; there is—

PROSERPINE.

Ah, I know the heroines : I used to see them now and then, but I grew tired of that, many ages ago. There was Medea, and Hecuba, and Andromache, and Dido, all so tragical and stalking ; and then the Spartan dames, and the Roman matrons, with their gravity and rusticity.

MERCURY.

Those were the females of the old world, when it was held as a maxim, that she was the best woman who had been the least talked of; but, as the mortals say, “ nous avons changé tout cela.” Since what is called the revival of letters in Europe, a new career has been opened to the ladies; they read, they write, they are poets, critics, novelists, historians, politicians, some of them even mathematicians and philosophers, like the other sex; above all they are capital letter writers; they seek the society of all celebrated men, and mightily affect the patronage of the learned, and some of them are really very pleasant talkers.

PROSERPINE.

You raise my curiosity; look back among the ghosts of the last century or two, and bring me, not a mob, but a few for a sample. You will give me some hints of their character, and I will observe their looks in silence.

MOMUS.

Yes, yes, Mercury will introduce each of them with a rhetorical flourish after *his* manner, and I will add a few strokes after *mine*.

MERCURY.

I fly, my goddess, to fulfil your wishes.

[*Exit, and returns at the head of a troop of ladies, whom he conducts in succession to the foot of Proserpine's throne.*]

MERCURY.

Great queen of the shades, I here present to you Madame de Maintenon, wife, though not queen, of Louis XIV. of France, who ruled without seeming to rule, for in her apart-

ment he transacted all his state affairs, and she, seated at her work-table, quietly swayed, by a hint or a nod, the destinies of Europe. She was the friend of letters, the patroness of Racine, and—

MOMUS.

The adviser of the devout follies and cruelties which signalised the last years of that *glorious* reign. Confess it, widow Scarron, to amuse a man no longer amusable, proved a heavy task. You paid for the ambition of marrying a king, and after so many years of prudery and successful artifice, found cause enough to regret the days of that merry old husband of yours, who collected around him the choice spirits of Paris, and laughed out his time in spite of pain and poverty.

M. DE MAINTENON.

History will speak of me, and the holy church will bless my memory.

MERCURY.

Here is another royal lady.

MOMUS.

Gentleman, gentleman, good Hermes ! you mistake ; look at the boots and the—

MERCURY.

The costume, I grant, is somewhat equivocal ; but Christina, queen in her own right, of the brave Swedes, and daughter of their hero Gustavus Adolphus, may perhaps be allowed somewhat more than the usual portion of *man* in her composition. This is the lady who deemed it more honour to lay down her sceptre, and pass her life as a private person devoted to letters and philosophy, than to rule on the throne of her ancestors—

MOMUS.

And who afterwards repented of that freak of resignation.

MERCURY.

This is the lady who, while yet a queen and in the bloom of youth, summoned around her the literati of foreign nations—

MOMUS.

And made them play with her at battledore and shuttlecock.

MERCURY.

Who afterwards travelled to Rome—

MOMUS.

Where she turned papist, and quarrelled with the Pope.

MERCURY.

Visited Paris—

MOMUS.

Where she found no female worthy of her notice, but the notorious Ninon, and committed a murder upon her master of the horse.

CHRISTINA.

He was a traitor on whom I executed justice—

MOMUS.

Having created yourself judge in your own cause. But Radamanthus has talked with you on that head, so I say no more; yet one should like to know what were the secrets he betrayed: tender ones, perhaps?

MERCURY.

Momus, you grow abusive. See, the royal Swede retires indignant. This fair stranger is named Lucrezia Gonzaga, known throughout Italy, and even in foreign lands, by her talents and accomplishments; and especially famed for the

indefatigable zeal with which she laboured for the liberation of her husband, long detained in unjust captivity, and for the pathetic and eloquent epistles which she addressed in his behalf to many princes and great personages.

MOMUS.

Which epistles we now know to have been composed for her by a man of letters.

LUCREZIA.

Indeed, some of the letters printed as mine are genuine.

MOMUS.

Perhaps so; one indeed I have no doubt of, the most energetic of the whole. It is that, where writing to your housekeeper, respecting a certain little waiting maid, "if she again offends," say you, "whip her till she is black and blue, and the blood runs down to her heels:"—but in *lingua Toscana*, all sounds soft and musical.

MERCURY.

Here at least is a lady, the undoubted author of the works on which her fame is built, Mademoiselle Dacier, the first of female scholars, the diligent and learned editor of many Greek and Latin classics, the staunch defender of every thing belonging to antiquity, not even excepting the reputation of my old acquaintance, Sappho of Lesbos, the despiser and depreciator of all modern learning and genius.

MOMUS.

Ah, madame, I kiss your ghostly hands; you were worthy to have lived among our Greek and Roman worshippers, but in these evil days of general apostacy, an advocate is doubly welcome. I wish indeed that you had deigned to sacrifice a few grains of incense to the graces; but I give you infinite credit for that celebrated experiment, in the preparation of

the genuine Spartan black broth, by which you made yourself, and all your guests, so heartily and classically sick.

MERCURY.

This is the charming Madame de Sevigné, once the life and soul of the French court, whose delightful letters will be read as long as the French tongue is spoken, and serve as a perpetual monument of her graceful wit, her happy talent of narration, and the exquisite tenderness of her maternal feelings.

MOMUS.

I detect not a little fiction in some of those amusing stories, and no small spice of affectation in those incessant solitudes for your daughter, and her precious beauty, twisted into such a variety of prettily turned sentences.

M. DE SEVIGNE.

Ah! and for what was the gift of imagination bestowed upon us, but to embellish the dull incidents of every day, and to mingle with our genuine sentiments the charm of fiction?

MERCURY.

I hope, Momus, you are answered. Behold next, a lady not more distinguished by her rank than her misfortunes, and memorable above all for the light and buoyant spirit with which she sustained them; Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, and daughter of king James of England. She enjoyed at once the homage of wits, the correspondence of statesmen, and the prayers and benedictions of grave divines. Even in poverty and exile, she attracted around her a little court of men of merit, and one chivalrous admirer devoted himself till the day of her death to, shall I say, an unrequited service?

MOMUS.

Aye, come, let us understand that matter. Did your majesty steal a marriage in a corner with that Paladine of yours, that errant knight Lord Craven ? or did you pay him, after the fashion of royal gratitude, with the bare acceptance of his fortune, and the services of his whole life ?

QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

Find that out as you can.

MOMUS.

What decked out shepherdess of romance have we here ? O ! I perceive, that precious compound of all the affectations of her age, and twenty more of her own invention besides !

MERCURY.

I beg leave to announce the most noble Margaret, duchess of Newcastle, the celebrated authoress of a panegyric life of her husband, inscribed to himself ; and of letters, plays, poems, orations, and philosophical discourses, filling thirteen volumes, folio—

MOMUS.

Which no mortal ever read.

MERCURY.

Which were elaborately celebrated at the famous universities of Oxford and Cambridge, as the strains of a tenth muse.

MOMUS.

Yes, by glozing pedants, who might have been ashamed of themselves. I think your grace had a troop of ministering damsels to assist in the transcription of so many mighty volumes ?

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

I had.

MOMUS.

And you were accustomed to rouse up the poor girls at dead of night, to seize and commit to paper the bright thoughts which came into your head between sleeping and waking, lest any fragments of things so precious should be lost. And what was your exquisite reason against revising your productions?

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

I was unwilling to interrupt the flow of my following conceptions. Late posterity will yet confirm the praises and predictions of my learned contemporaries.

MOMUS.

At least, madam, I give you joy of that soothing conviction.

MERCURY.

I here present Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the English Sevigné; her equal in wit and grace of style, and if her inferior in sentiment, how much her superior in reason and philosophy! Born in the highest rank of nobility, a beauty and a wit, her youth was given to letters, her maturity to travel and observation.

MOMUS.

To play and scandal.

MERCURY.

Her age to philosophical retirement—

MOMUS.

To involuntary exile in penance for past follies, and if Pope is to be believed—

LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

Pope is not to be believed—venomous insect! spiteful—

MOMUS.

Gently, my good lady, gently; you were two great wits, and two of a trade, as we all know—but I hoped that by

this time you had made it up again, and that this nether world might soon have been favoured with a joint performance, entitled, *Elysian Eclogues*. I beg you will turn it in your mind. She frowns, and will not speak.

MERCURY.

Indeed, Momus, your treatment of the fair sex is intolerable ; silence him, Proserpine, or I call up no more shades.

PROSERPINE.

No quarrels, deities ; I thank you both ; you have shown off the lady-ghosts to some advantage, and another time we may talk further with them.

SONG.

IN this changing world where our best joys flee,
If thy friends should fail, or thy hopes grow cold ;
Oh then in that hour remember me,
Come, and I'll give thee " the smile of old !"

While friends are around thee and life is gay,
I dare not ask for one thought from thee ;
But if chance or unkindness should sadden thy way,
Oh then in that hour remember me !

And bring me thy pain, thy sorrow, thy care,
My word shall still " sweet welcome" be,
In every sigh and tear I will share ;
Oh then in that hour remember me !

H. R.

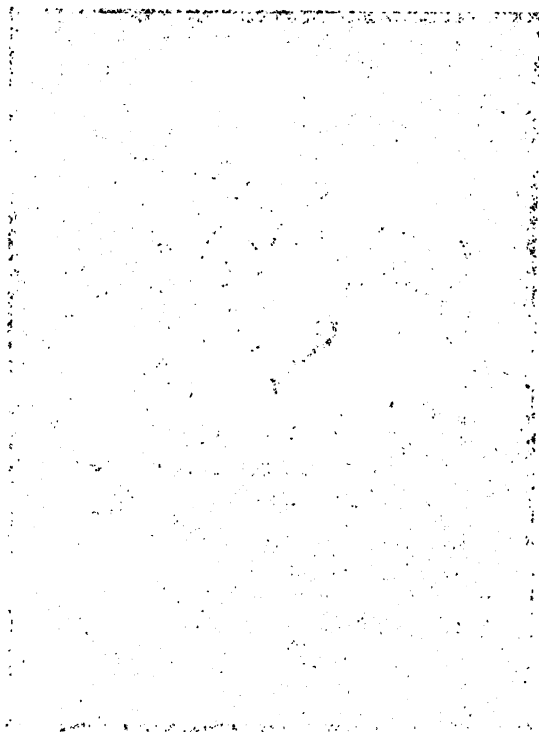
MAY MORNING.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING.

THE odorous gales are free,
And voices of young mirth,
Like childhood's in its glee,
Are dancing round the earth ;
And vale and plain seem glad to lie
Beneath so blue and clear a sky.

The blushing clouds are hung
Like wreaths on the blue air,
As if the dews were flung
On brighter roses there ;
And morn with ruby urn of light,
Hath watered every mountain height.

It is a glorious sight to see,
Earth, air, and waters, blent,
As if their bright felicity
Were one sweet element ;
A joy, that hath eternal springs,
Breathed o'er the universe of things.



And J.



Designed by W. Thorneley.

Engraved by J. M. Rogers.

MAY MORNING SPORTS.

Published by Hurst, Chapman & Co., 21, Strand, London.



And spirits are upon the wing,
That live in the sweet air,
Linking each fair imagining
To forms almost as fair ;
And making all things breathe of love,
Of Him who smiles and reigns above.

Whate'er is pure—whate'er is bright—
Is chorister of May,—
Whate'er can bring or feel delight,
Belongs to her sweet day :
And fair and gentle is the choir,
Her happy gales and sounds inspire.

Happy as birds in grove and shade,
And beautiful as flowers,
A little joyous group hath made
A feast for the young hours ;—
A feast of smiles, and thoughts that rise
Like a sweet incense to the skies.

It is because their hearts are glad,
There's brightness on their brow,—
'Tis that no crime hath made them sad,
Their hearts so freely glow ;—
And gay as their attire may be,
'Tis gay but while they're pure and free.

While gazing on that happy throng,
Who would not bless the day,
When his own heart was still as strong
In hope and peace as they ?

Feeling no ill, and fearing none,—
That bliss not needing to be won !

Who would not, whatsoe'er his years
Or hope or lot hath been,
The pathway long and sown with tears,
Or always smooth and green—
Who would not, though the wish be vain,
Wish for his young free heart again ?

'Tis hard to teach the bird his song
Whose note has once been lost—
To raise the flowers o'er which the long
And chilling blast hath crost ;
Even bind the stem—re-wake the lay,
The song is faint, the bloom decay.

O when the heart is past its youth,
'Tis harder still to bring
Back to its fount the joy of truth,
The glory of its spring ;
But keep it pure from hour to hour,
It has no blight like bird or flower !

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE TWO SCORPIONS.

(Translated from the Italian of De Rossi, by Agnes Strickland,
Authoress of "The Seven Ages of Woman," &c.)

ONCE on a time, a butterfly,
While hovering o'er sweet basil flowers,
Heard two presumptuous voices nigh,
Beneath the neighbouring bowers,
Who to each other thus did cry,
In haughty tone :—" We wonder why
The trees, the herbs, the fragrant blossoms,
Should feed, and shelter in their bosoms,
The worthless insect tribes, that rove
In garden, meadow, vale, or grove !
Vile, noxious creatures ! every where
Infesting water, earth, and air ;
'Tis quite disgusting, sure, to count
Their frightful classes, and amount—
But only just to name a few
Of this superfluous, loathsome crew,
Why are we plagued with ants, I pray ?
And odious worms, more base than they ?
And gnats, those teasing, buzzing things,
With plumed heads, and venom'd stings ;

And beetles, glow-worms, moths, and flies,
That every where annoy our eyes.
And if a species we detest
More heartily than all the rest,
It is the gaudy painted train
Of butterflies, that skim the plain ;
Their only business to display
Their colours on a sunny day :
That class is surely void of worth ;
What use are they upon the earth ?
To us 'tis marvellous that Jove
Did, in his wisdom, never move
To sever from creation's chain
A link so trifling, mean, and vain !"

The butterfly was much confused
To hear his species so abused,
And looked around with curious eye
This insect censurer to spy,
For strangely he desired to see
What creatures 'midst them all could be
Of such surpassing worth possessed,
To speak with scorn of all the rest ;
But scarcely he believed his sight,
When lurking 'neath the blossoms bright,
Of hideous form, and murky hue,
Two deadly scorpions met his view !

And thus the truly vile and base,
In human life we ever find
With ruthless voice, and shameless face,
The harshest censors of mankind.

THE FLOWER SHOW.

THE beautiful flower garden at Boldres Castle was the pride and admiration of the whole country, and frequently detained within its lovely precincts parties of travellers who came to view the noble mansion to which it belonged. While lingering there, the splendid saloons and galleries, with the magnificent collection of pictures and statues which adorned them, were almost forgotten. It was, indeed, a scene of enchantment, realizing the description of the far-famed gardens of the Italian poets ; or, when we consider the purity and simplicity of character belonging to her whose taste had created it, and who formed no unapt representation of Milton's Eve—more like that of Eden. The Countess of Maberley, who to a painter's eye and poet's feeling added the knowledge of a practical and scientific botanist and florist, had spent in her garden many of her happiest hours ; and under her superintendence, aided by the skill of her head-gardener, Markham, it had gradually attained to a degree of perfection which seemed to admit of no further improvement.

One lovely June evening, the first after their arrival from London, the Earl and Countess after dinner walked together into the flower garden. It was in full beauty, and the

bright freshness of the flowers, and the rich perfume with which the air was filled, were peculiarly delightful and refreshing to them after their long sojourn in the metropolis. Markham, on seeing his lady's approach, drew near to pay his respects with an air of pleased confidence in her satisfaction, and received her kind expressions with cheerful civility, following her round his little empire to point out all he had done, was doing, or intended to do, and gratified by her approbation of every thing.

As she passed the under-gardeners, she kindly spoke to each by name, and their respectful yet pleased manner showed the high regard in which they held her. Amongst them was a boy, whom Lady Maberley did not know. He was assisting to carry water into the greenhouses, and his open honest countenance as he touched his cap, pleased her so much, that she turned to Markham to inquire who he was.

"That boy, my Lady, is the son of poor Thornton, who was shot, if you remember, my Lord, by the poachers in Langley Wood, about three months back. Your Lordship wrote to Mr. Bedingfield to take care of his family, and he asked me if I could employ the boy in the garden, as he had a taste for such things." The fate of poor Thornton, which had distressed both the Earl and Countess extremely, interested the latter particularly for the poor orphan boy; and looking at him compassionately as he again passed, she said—

"Is he well behaved and industrious, Markham?"

"The cleverest, most useful, obliging boy that ever came into a garden, my Lady."

From that time, William Thornton had a kind friend in the benevolent Countess. She inquired about him, and

found that since his father's death, his exertions, added to a small allowance from Mr. Bedingfield, the steward, had maintained himself and his old grandmother, his only surviving relation ; and she judiciously befriended the poor old woman, by adding to her small stock those comforts which her increasing age and infirmities demanded. She did not render the boy's exertions unnecessary, for she would not in either of them weaken that sense of honest independence which is the source of so much that is valuable in the character of a peasantry.

William Thornton's honest heart overflowed with gratitude and attachment to his noble benefactress, and he was continually on the watch for opportunities of obliging her. Sometimes when she came into the garden, he ventured blushing to present a rosebud, which his native, though untutored taste had selected as the fairest of ten thousand fair ; or he would bring a garland of wild flowers, or a basket of woven rushes to present to the two sweet little girls who gambolled like fairies round their mother's feet, as she wandered through the grass walks of her garden. These little offerings were always kindly and gracefully accepted, and William in return was promoted to what he considered the high honour of being gardener to the children. The little territory which was appropriated to them, was only to be attended to when Markham had nothing more important to be done ; and in busy times, many were the half-hours stolen by the little gardener from his sleeping hours and meal-times, that his charge might be put into the best order which his utmost exertions could accomplish.

One morning, William was busily engaged in weeding the tubs of orange and lemon trees in the conservatory, while

the Countess and a young friend of hers were looking at the plants. Lady Emily Wentworth was rallying her friend on what she called her Botanic mania, and playfully protesting that the flowers that bloomed in the elegant boutiques in the Palais Royal, were those she loved best. "I could laugh at any time," continued she, "to remember the brown wig and the spectacles of that old Dutch botanist who was so delighted with you at Paris. Have you heard from him lately?"

"Yes—I had a petition from him a few days ago for some of the duplicates of my dried English plants, and I am now making up a little parcel for him to go in the Ambassador's packet to the Hague. It is very unfortunate that I cannot send him a specimen that he is particularly anxious for."

"What is that?"

"It is a plant nearly peculiar to England, the *Anagallis tenella*."

"Oh, pray spare me those long Latin names—I am not one whit the wiser for them. The plant does not grow anywhere near you, then?"

"No, not immediately in this neighbourhood. It is to be found, I have no doubt, in abundance, and at this time in full flower, in the bogs on the High Moorlands, about twenty miles off,—but the cross roads in that direction, the Earl says, are so very bad, that I must not venture on them even in the pony phaeton; or, I assure you, my zeal for botany and for Dr. De Wilter, would have taken me there the very day I received his letter."

"I should think you might send your gardener."

"Yes, if he were at home, but he is gone to my brother's

for a little while, to superintend his new conservatories, and I do not think any of the under-gardeners understand *wild* botany. But come—will you look into the hot-houses ? ”

The ladies then left the conservatory, but not before William Thornton had taken a resolution which he hastened to put in execution that evening as soon as he had left off work. Before the long summer twilight was ended, he was some miles on his pilgrimage to the ——shire Moors, in search of he hardly knew what—but as the Countess had said that the plant she was in want of, was then in flower, he thought if he brought her every kind that he found blossoming in the bogs, the right one would surely be amongst them.

The next morning the children wanted their young gardener, but he was not to be found, and no one could give any account of him,—no one had seen him that morning.

“ Perhaps he is ill, mamma,” said the little girls.

“ I hope not, my dears, but if he is not here to-morrow, we will send to his grandmother’s cottage to inquire about him.”

That evening, however, William again appeared in the garden, bearing in his hand the mat basket which contained the treasure he had been to find. It was the usual time for the Countess to be found there, but he looked about for her in vain, and the gardeners were all gone, so he went forwards to the Castle. At a little distance, he perceived her Ladyship with a party who had just left the dining room, walking on the western terrace admiring the sunset. Regardless of all proprieties of time and place, regardless of his own appearance,—stained up to his knees with bog-water and covered with dust,—and alive only to the strong hope of having succeeded in his undertaking, he mounted the

steps of the terrace, and stood before his Lady. Before she could utter "What are you doing here, William?" he presented his mat basket, touched his hat, and said,—“Are any of these things what you were wanting, my Lady?” Then modestly drawing back, the other ladies came round to see the basket opened. At the bottom of it, bedded in wet moss, and blooming as freshly as if they had never been moved from their native bog, lay beautiful specimens of the *anagallis*, *parnassia*, *narthecium*, and other marsh plants.

Perhaps it is necessary to be, in some degree, a botanist, to enter into the pleasure which the sight gave to Lady Maberley, and which shone in her eyes and sweetened her smile as she called her little knight-errant forward, and inquired about his journey, and how he came to undertake it. He blushing, yet manfully, gave his little history, which pleased all who heard it; yet he himself looked not quite satisfied, till her Ladyship, taking up in her hand a root covered with delicate pink blossoms, said, “This is the very thing I wanted, and a beautiful specimen too.” Then his countenance glowed with animation and delight, and hardly waiting to hear her say, “You have done me a real kindness, William, and I am very much obliged to you,” he again made his rustic bow, and running down the terrace steps was soon at his grandmother’s cottage enjoying his simple supper, and in a few minutes more was stretched on his own little bed in deep and sweet repose.

“Poor boy,” said one of the ladies present, “and will you give him nothing but mere thanks for so much trouble? How disappointed he will be! He will not be so ready to undertake another pedestrian tour for you, Lady Maberley.”

“I will not forget his kindness, I assure you, Mrs. Strat-

ton, but I do not think it is of a kind to be paid with money, and I own I am believer enough in disinterestedness to feel sure that this boy thinks himself quite rewarded, and has not a thought of receiving any thing more." A smile of polite scepticism followed this speech, which, nevertheless, for the honour of human nature be it spoken, was entirely true.

Some weeks afterwards a message was brought to William, that the Countess wanted him. He immediately obeyed the summons, and found her seated with a box of tulip roots before her. On his entrance she said, "William, the gentleman to whom I sent those plants, has sent me in return some Dutch tulips; and as you took so much pains for me in getting one of the specimens, I wish you to have one of these roots. Choose which you like. You may take from the garden whatever is proper for it to be planted in, and you will see how Markham manages his. If by your own care and pains-taking you can make it blow finely, I will get it admitted for you into the annual Flower Show at A——." This little speech awakened visions of glory which almost dazzled the young gardener's sight. That a flower raised by him should gain admittance into the great Flower Show at A——, was an honour to which his most daring ambition had never soared, and as his eye glanced over the roots, he seemed unable to speak or move. Her Ladyship, selecting one of the finest, put it into his hand, and with a speechless tug at his forelock, by way of acknowledgment, he went off with his great prize. This tulip root now became the theme of his waking thoughts and of his sleeping dreams, and never did time seem to pass so slowly as that which intervened before the proper planting

season came. At last, however, it arrived. He took a pot with proper soil, as he had had permission to do; and carefully watching all Markham's operations, he imitated them as exactly as his old grandmother's cottage with the little garden behind it, and his own ingenious substitutes for the conveniences in the castle garden, would admit. As time wore on, the shoot came up healthy and strong, and he was never tired of watching its growth, and of comparing its progress with that of Mr. Markham's tulips.

Towards the middle of February, great rejoicings took place in the country, to celebrate a joyful event at the Castle—the birth of a son and heir. There was to be a feast at the village of Boldres, for all the tenantry and people on the estate: oxen and sheep roasted, flowing barrels of ale, bonfires, illuminations, and all the usual observances on such occasions. The festivities commenced at noon, and were to continue all the evening. Early in the afternoon, William Thornton left the gay scene for awhile. He had suddenly remembered having omitted to do something in the garden which had been left him in charge to do; and though it was nothing of particular importance, yet as he never permitted himself knowingly to neglect any thing, he went as quickly as he could up to the Castle, did what was necessary, and was hastening back again, when on passing the stages on which the choice tulips, auriculas, &c., were placed, he found that he was not the only one whom pleasure had made neglectful of duty. The mats which had been drawn off the arched covers to give the plants the benefit of the bright noon-day sun, had not been replaced;—a cold east wind was setting in, with every prospect of a frosty night, and in all probability the flowers would all have been

blasted before morning. As William stood before them, a wild thought glanced through his mind, that by leaving them to their fate his own darling tulip might stand a chance of winning the Society's prize at the Show—that no blame could attach to him, for they were not in his charge, and no one knew that he had been in the garden that evening—but it was a thought repelled as soon as perceived; and seizing up the mats, almost as if he distrusted himself, he drew them over the hoops as carefully and exactly as if his whole interest depended on the exclusion of every breath of the keen air. Then running back to the festive scene, his light-hearted laugh echoed longest and loudest amongst its merry groups for the rest of the evening.

The month of April arrived in due course, and the —— shire Horticultural Society appointed a day towards the end of the month, for their annual exhibition and prize-giving. This now became the theme of discourse amongst all the gardeners for miles round. It was expected to be a very good meeting, for Easter falling remarkably late that year, most of the great families were in the neighbourhood, and were expected to attend. William Thornton's anxiety began daily to increase, and with true youthful impatience he almost dreaded that his flower would never be blown in time. He carefully examined Markham's tulips, and thought that some of them looked stronger and healthier, or had a finer bud than his own; but they were certainly forwarder, and morning, noon, and night, as he anxiously watched it, though the bud continued to swell, no trace of colour yet streaked the bright green of its calyx. At last, one morning when he visited it, almost before he could hurry on his clothes, it had burst its sheath, and, to his delighted eyes,

promised to be one of the most magnificent of its species. His grandmother gave him all her sympathy ; he needed and valued it ; but he longed for the opinion of some skilful judge to confirm his own. That judge appeared in the afternoon ; for Lady Maberley, who was driving out in her pony phaeton, stopped at old Mrs. Thornton's cottage, to inquire whether William's tulip merited an introduction to the A—— Show. She pronounced it quite worthy, and left him a letter to take to the managing Secretary of the Society. From that time William could hardly tear himself away from gazing on the beauties of his flower, either to eat, sleep, or work. It expanded gloriously ; and early on the morning of the eventful day, he entered the spacious market place of A———, dressed in his Sunday clothes, and carrying his treasure, screened from sun, wind, and observation, as if a shake would have been ruin and death both to it and to himself. He walked up to the door of the Golden Lion Inn, which was surrounded by gardeners' carts, and by persons lifting out and carrying in baskets of plants and flowers. He followed them, and presented Lady Maberley's letter to the Manager and Secretary, who read it, and on looking at the tulip exclaimed, " Beautiful, indeed !" and gave the bearer permission to enter the exhibition room, and deposit it among the rest. He lingered for a while to view it, surrounded by others, thinking in his secret heart that it eclipsed them all, and then went out to pass the time in walking about the town till the hour of exhibition arrived.

The Minster clock at last chimed one ; the market place was filled with noblemen's and gentlemen's carriages which had set down their company at the Golden Lion, and William again followed a group of gardeners into the great

room. It presented the most brilliant spectacle he had ever witnessed:—the centre was filled with long stages covered with every variety of tulips, hyacinths, auriculas, ranunculuses, anemones, &c., whose brilliant colours almost dazzled the eye. At one end sat the judges, with a silver plate before them, covered with guineas to be distributed amongst the successful candidates for the prizes; at the other end were the gardeners, and the sides of the room were crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, whose expressions of admiration, as they were heard at the lower end of the room, were no slight gratification and reward to those who had devoted so much time and labour to the production of this splendid display. Amongst the “quality,” William soon recognised the Earl and Countess of Maberley; and as to his tulip, though to others it might be lost amidst the variety that surrounded it, to his eye it stood out singly and alone, as if there were not another in the room.

After the company had promenaded round the stages for some time, and had viewed the flowers sufficiently, the judges proceeded to name the prize flowers, which they had selected on an examination previous to the admission of the general company, and to distribute the rewards. The best Auricula was named, and the gardener was called forward to receive three guineas from the noble President of the Society. Hyacinths, Ranunculuses, Anemones followed: for the two last, Mr. Markham carried away the prizes. William Thornton thought that the turn for tulips would never come, and his heart beat thicker and thicker. “How foolish I am—I cannot expect to gain it,” were his mental endeavours to quiet his agitation. “But perhaps at some future time I may,” he consoled himself with. At last, the President’s

voice reached his ear. "The prize for the best tulip is adjudged to William Thornton, of Boldres Village, for his flower called the 'Cottage Beauty.'" A shout, almost a scream of delight rang through the room and startled every body; and it was while overwhelmed with the confusion with which the discovery of this involuntary burst covered him, that William advanced to the President's chair to receive his prize. A deep and most respectful bow marked his reception of it; then making way to where his kind patroness sat looking on with benevolent pleasure, a similar bow accompanied the scarcely audible words, "Thank you for it, my Lady."

"I rejoice with you, William," she kindly said; "now take care not to spend it foolishly."

"If you please, my Lady," he replied, "I wish to spend it in buying some of those great books about botany and gardening which Mr. Markham reads, and if I can only make myself fit to be your head gardener when he is too old, I shall have nothing left to wish for in this world."

A FAREWELL SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

X
I go, sweet friends ! yet think of me
When spring's low voice awakes the flowers,
For we have wandered far and free
In those bright hours—the violet's hours !

I go—but when you pause to hear
From distant hills, the sabbath-bell
On summer's wind float silvery clear,
Think of me then—I loved it well !

Forget me not around your hearth
When clearly shines the ruddy blaze ;
For dear hath been its hour of mirth
To me, sweet friends ! in other days.

And oh ! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to tender thought are stirr'd,
Think of me then !—I go, I go !

FRIENDSHIP.

BY J. E. ROSCOE.

How sweet it is in grief to see
The eyes we love all wet with tears,
Fresh from those founts of sympathy,
Which mingle with our hopes and fears !

How sweet it is to hear the heart
On which we long have lean'd our own,
The holiest hopes and truths impart,
With tenderness in every tone !

We weep indeed, but friendship pours
A solace on our hour of woe,
And changes those weak earthly showers
Into affection's purest glow.

Prest from the bitterness of pain,
Do strength, and trust, and courage rise ;
And then we find 'tis not in vain
We nursed these sacred sympathies.

In doubt, in danger, thus we see
She kindles up her generous flame,
And points us to eternity,
The glorious source from whence she came.

She leads the fainting spirit there,
From scenes with earthly anguish full ;
And heaven's high hope becomes more clear,
And life itself more beautiful.

O guide us on ! O light us still !
O shield us through this vale of tears !
Our hearts with hope and rapture fill,
And soothe to peace our closing years !

We will not ask a lengthened day—
Another hour we would not live,
More than thy smile shall bless our way,
Thy voice its touching comfort give.

Thy hand shall close the drooping eye,
Thy trust shall still the throbbing breast ;
And thine shall be the latest sigh
That wafts us to the realms of rest.

A WISH.

BY CHARLES M'CARTHY.

OH that I now could lay my head
On the silent grave's cold pillow !
For the golden dreams of my youth are fled
As the lightning that flashed on the billow.

And cold and dark as that wintry wave,
When the light that flew o'er it vanish'd,
Is this heart which affliction's shocks might brave,
But not when hope's heaven is banished.

For now it is gone, that buoyant heart
That once stemmed the waves of sorrow ;
And the spirit that bade each day's grief depart
To make way for the joys of to-morrow.

Farewell, farewell, to those visions high
That illumined my nightly slumber ;
For mine is the sunken and sleepless eye,
And mine are the woes without number.

It is mine to muse on the fading light,
And to watch the dawn returning,
And to count the dreary minutes of night,
By the throbs of a breast that's burning.

Be mine, then, an early, a peaceful grave,
An end to all human sadness,
That no more to earth's follies and grief a slave,
I may smile in eternal gladness !

SONNET.

On Mr. Martin's Picture of the fall of Nineveh.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

SEE, the proud king, despair upon his brow,
Leads his bright Harem to the funeral pile,
Where lovely lips, once curled by Eros' smile,
Are pale with griefs and thronging terrors now.
And look beyond: the burning city's glow
Throws a red glare upon the passing clouds
That, thunder-rent, and shattered, like the shrouds
Of some storm-beaten crewless vessel, show.
And wrapped in darkness, lo ! where Ninus' tomb
Towers o'er the ghastly scene in sullen pride,
Where mighty armies, rushing on their doom,
Perish in Hate's embraces, side by side ;
As if for Peace and Love too little room
This vast-extended, fertile world supplied.

THE

BRITISH OFFICER AND HIS SLAVE.

Is the heart of a Slave inaccessible to the better feelings of humanity, which characterise the educated European? Is his heart devoid of gratitude, and are his feelings so utterly degraded by his servile condition, as to admit of no improvement? Is his conscience at all times so dead as to render severity a mere exercise of indispensable duty, and convert indulgence into a crime? Is it quite impossible to command the service which is prompted by affection, or the fidelity which gratitude secures; and is the soul of the Negro a stranger alike to sense and sensibility? Let us think of him as he is!—Born to hold a contemptible station in society, cruelly treated by his fellow men, and (generally speaking) destitute, alas! of religious advantages, the qualities which in human nature excite our admiration, or command our respect, are rarely drawn forth. The slave rises to his task, and performs the routine of manual labour without one mental sensation, save that of *endurance*! Yet, even amidst the most abject of their race, the traces of divine origin are not so effectually obliterated by their hapless lot, as to leave

no vestige of moral worth. There are instances where the feelings of the heart seem to hold a strong and almost sacred influence over the actions, and which whisper to the master that nature has made the slave his brother, and that mercy, judiciously administered, may have its own reward, even in the love and devotion of a hireling.

The following anecdote may, perhaps, prove that "black men have souls," and that gratitude may be excited even where the mind has been untutored and the principles unrestrained.

George Saville was a young lieutenant in the service of the Hon. East India Company, and his regiment, in the year 1823, was stationed at Benares, one of the finest and most ancient cities on the banks of the Ganges. He had early left his native land, and had not yet attained his twentieth year; but his figure was manly, his address frank and open, and his countenance and manners seemed to excite admiration before his character was sufficiently known to command respect. He gloried in his profession, and turning aside from the habits of expense and dissipation which tainted the character of some of his companions, he pressed forward to attain the two first objects of his earthly ambition—military distinction, and honourable independence. It was on a sultry evening in June, that Saville, somewhat earlier than usual, quitted the mess table and sauntered towards his own habitation. His way lay by the skirts of a deep wood, and he was diverted from his purpose of immediate return by hearing the sweet notes of the bul-bul. He entered the wood, and leaning against a tree, listened for a while to the melody of the lovely songstress. It recalled to his mind the dear scenes of England, and the summer evenings when he

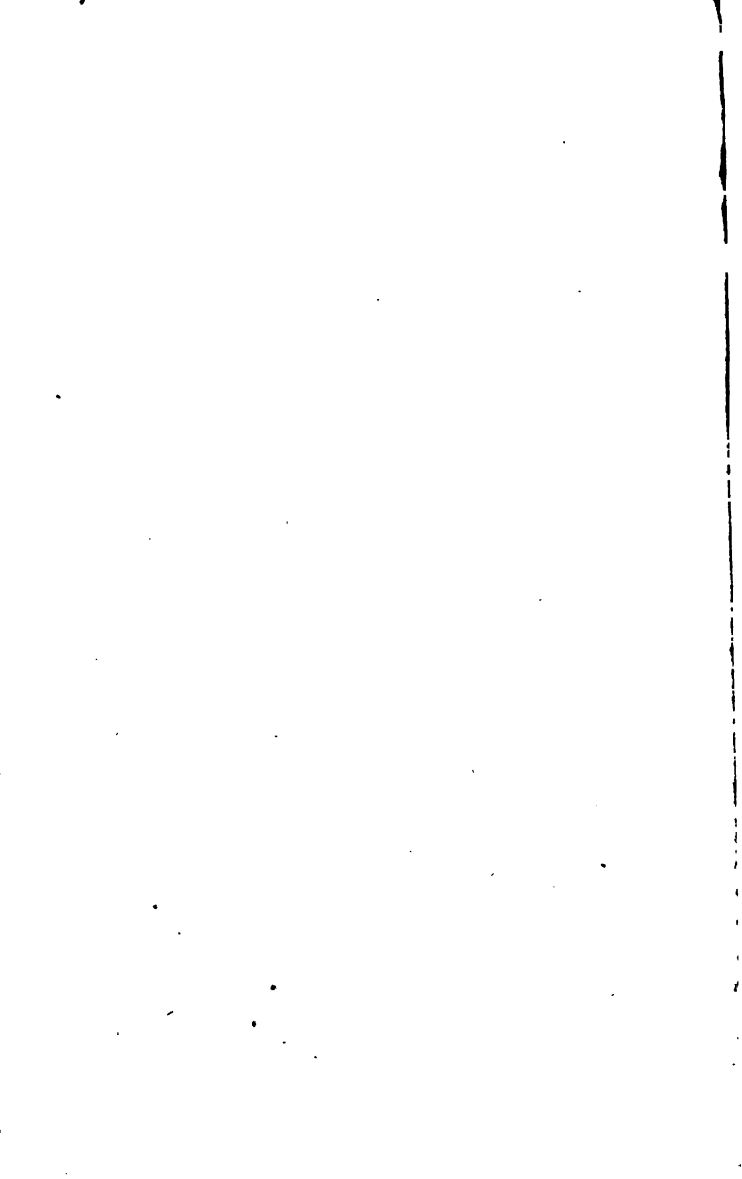
wandered in the plantations of his own home, and heard the tones of a nightingale, which was there a rare but welcome visitant. His train of thought was not unmingled with regret, when he was suddenly roused from his reverie by hearing a rustling among the trees near him. The last shades of twilight scarcely enabled him to distinguish any object correctly, but he fancied that amidst the foliage he descried the figure of a man bending towards the ground. He advanced; the long thick grass prevented his footsteps being heard, and he immediately recognized the person of a slave—one of his own domestic servants.

The man was busily engaged in digging a deep hole or pit; and unconscious that any one was near him, he diligently pursued his occupation. Saville paused for a moment, and then slightly touching the shoulder of the Slave with his cane, he was about to inquire the purport of his labour—when the Slave turned round, and on beholding his master, uttered a long and piercing cry. He would have instantly fled, but the young officer sprang forward and detained him by a grasp so firm and decided, that the Slave made no farther resistance. He trembled—his swarthy countenance betrayed the strong emotions of his mind—dismay and confusion were succeeded by shame and comparative calmness. He neither spoke nor moved; but still retaining the position into which the sudden attack of Saville had forced him, he looked down and seemed to await his master's will.

“Brashnah!” said Saville, “why are you here? Speak instantly, and answer truly;” but Brashnah made no answer;—he turned his eyes upon the pit, and then upon his master, with an expression of fear, almost amounting to despair.



THE BRITISH OFFICER & HIS SLAVE.



Saville was at a loss to account for a conduct so singular and unexpected ; but resolving to obtain the information he sought, he spoke in a more decisive tone,—“ I demand of you to say why you are here—and for what purpose is that pit ? Your designs are evil—your fear has betrayed your guilt. Speak quickly and faithfully, and you will find me lenient ;—tell me a falsehood, and there shall be no mercy in your punishment.” Brashnah gazed intently on the young officer, as if calculating the effect of what he was about to utter, and then, after a momentary struggle, said,—

“ I meant this night to rob you, to carry away your canteen and conceal it here. This is my crime, and I am ready to endure my punishment—Sahib ! I have spoken the truth, and I have nothing more to add.”

Saville looked down on Brashnah with astonishment. He suspected evil, but its reality shocked him, and he had demanded a confession, which he calculated upon being deceptive, if not altogether false. The fault was flagrant, but the avowal was explicit, and he reflected a moment on the course he should pursue. The instances of treachery and deceit which he had heard, flashed at once upon his mind, and he felt that individual mercy was frequently a public injury ; but Saville saw the slave at his feet, unresisting, and in silence awaiting his doom. The kindly feelings of his own generous nature pleaded for the culprit before him, and he bade Brashnah follow him.

“ Any effort to escape now,” added Saville, “ must be fatal to you. Implicit obedience alone can save you from the full extent of your punishment,” and, on uttering these words, he permitted the slave to rise, and they left the wood in silence.

On reaching his habitation, Saville made a sign for the slave to enter with him—bade him place his writing materials on the table and wait his farther orders. Brashnah obeyed, and in a few minutes the young officer summoned him to his side. He read aloud the paper he had been writing, and it was an order for the execution of the law upon a slave guilty of theft. The countenance of the slave fell ; despair seemed to take possession of his mind, and agony was pictured on his every feature. He eyed his master with intense anxiety, as if his life hung upon the turn of Saville's countenance, but no exclamation escaped his lips. Again the master commanded his slave to follow him, and Brashnah soon discovered that they were not going towards the cantonments as he feared and expected, but that by a more direct road they were approaching the wood they had previously quitted, and in a few minutes they were again at the spot which had witnessed their first meeting.

Saville held in one hand the paper before-mentioned, and placing the other firmly on the shoulder of the slave, he said, " Brashnah ! you know the punishment that awaits your crime ; I promised that mercy should be the consequence of a faithful confession, and I have reason to believe you have given it to me. I would make trial of your gratitude, and in saving you from disgrace in your caste, I shall look for fidelity and honest service as the only thanks I claim ; and if ever in an evil moment your heart again prompts the commission of so foul a deed, think on this evening, and the act of mercy which now rescues you from dreadful suffering." Thus saying, he tore the fatal order, and casting the fragments into the pit, before the eyes of Brashnah, he added,—“ Fill up this pit, and never at any moment

of your life forget the purpose for which you designed it; and that instead of your master's silver, he caused you to bury in oblivion your own condemnation." The young officer, at a glance, saw the feeling which prompted Brashnah to cast himself at his feet, and breaking from the prostrate slave, he turned away and immediately left the wood.

The spring of 1824, saw Saville stretched on the bed of sickness. The bloom had forsaken his youthful cheek, and his fevered brow and wasted form told the progress of disease. He was fading beneath the scorching influence of an Indian sun, and he soon felt that he must for a time abandon his military duties, and seek the restoration of his health in his native country. He obtained a medical certificate for the purpose, made arrangements for returning to Calcutta, and dismissing all his servants, embarked in a bugarow, which was to convey him down the river. He was engaged in reading the first evening after he left Benares, when the curtain which formed one end of his cabin, was drawn aside, and Brashnah stood by the couch of his master.

"Sahib! do not send me away," said the slave, "suffer me only to attend you, and I shall be satisfied; I want no pay, I only seek to watch you, to wait upon you, and to nurse you. Be merciful once more," he added, "and refuse not my poor service, for it is all I have to offer." Saville was touched by the attachment of his slave, and readily granted the favour for which he pleaded. The attention of Brashnah to his master was unremitting. He watched his eye, and anticipated his wishes. Exhausted by pain and suffering, Saville would frequently lie for many hours almost in a state of insensibility, but his eyes always opened on the

figure of his devoted attendant, who stood over him, gently fanning him, ready to administer his medicine, or with some grateful liquid, to moisten the parched lips of the youthful sufferer. When the vessel approached the banks of the river, Brashnah would swim on shore, and gathering the reeds that grow on the banks, he would place them in the window, and by continually keeping them wet, they at once excluded the burning rays of the sun, and cooled the air of his master's cabin. He scarcely allowed himself necessary repose, and his very sleep seemed not to prevent his watchfulness, for on the slightest movement of his master, he was awake and by his side. He would listen for his voice, and with almost feminine tenderness, he paid those thousand nameless attentions which illness requires, which the invalid alone can justly appreciate, which love commands, and which wealth cannot purchase. Arrived at Calcutta, Saville found an East Indiaman under sail for England, and he took his passage, and prepared to go on board in a few days. The day previous to his embarkation, Brashnah earnestly besought his master to allow him to accompany him to England, but this request could not be granted. Saville wrote to a brother officer, on behalf of his faithful servant, and commended him to his care during his absence, but Brashnah was silent when Saville placed the letter in his hands, and seemed as if he longed for something more.

"Can I do any thing more for you?" said Saville, as the slave accompanied him in the boat which was taking him to the ship. "Have you any thing more to ask me?"

"Sahib," said Brashnah, "I would ask of you, that when you return, I may serve you again, and may be allowed by the gentleman to whom you are sending me, to

come here and meet you. I shall find no master like you, and I shall not serve another well because my mind will be in England."

The little boat came along side of the vessel, and Brashnah looked as if a long dreaded hour had arrived. He made no effort to speak, but he groaned as he saw his master's baggage hoisted on deck, and for the first time in his life he wept. In an agony of grief, throwing himself between Saville and his new attendants, he seemed abandoned to despair. Saville soothed him with the prospect of his speedy return, and taking an affectionate leave of the grateful Brashnah, he stood on the deck of the vessel, and not unmoved, watched the disappearance of the boat, which contained—*A Slave*, whose heart was capable of the strongest attachment, and in whom *Mercy* had produced Fidelity and Gratitude.

SONG.

I WILL come to thee when night-winds creep
O'er the crimson rose's odorous sleep ;
When the song of the gurgling nightingale
Sounds like a harp, in the greenwood vale ;
When moonlight sleeps on the deep-blue sea—
Maid of my love ! I will come to thee !

When the tulip-flower has closed its leaf,
Like a bosom that hides from the world its grief ;
When the lily is drooping its beautiful head,
Like a love-sick girl, o'er the violet's bed ;
When the night-dew hangs on the passion-tree—
Maid of my love ! I will come to thee !

MY SISTER'S GARDEN.

WRITTEN FOR A LITTLE BOY, ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

I SEEK thy garden's narrow bound,
My Mary, with a brother's love,
And watch the flowers that spring around,
And near thy borders gently move.

Thy favorite flowers are dear to me,
Whate'er their form, or varied hue,
And tho' a thousand more I see,
My heart to them shall still be true.

The smiling sun is come again,
And shines upon thy loved retreat :
O what can now thy steps detain,
Where linger now thy fairy feet ?

This rose for thee its fragrance shed,
The primrose and the eglantine ;
The violet in its scented bed,
And all, my sister, all are thine.

No stranger hand shall dare intrude,
To bear thy flowery store away ;
I'll chide each footstep wandering rude,
And guard thy border's bright array.

And in the summer's happy hours,
When youthful hearts with joy rebound,
I'll seek again thy favorite flowers,
And hear thy soft voice whispering round.

And though pale winter's form appear,
And chase away thy garden's bloom ;
The falling leaves shall more endear
The memory of thy early tomb.

Fair flowers ! though earth the sweets receive,
And hide you in her quiet breast ;
We will not o'er your relics grieve,
Or murmur at your transient rest.

Those thousand dyes that meet my view,
The spring shall wake to life and light ;
And every bud and leaf renew,
And every flower that charms my sight.

And spring her freshening dews shall shed,
My Mary, on thy cold repose,
Alas ! their influence o'er thy bed,
No infant sweetness shall disclose.

But he who clothes the leafless grove,
And bids the vanished flower return ;

O he will still his creatures love,
And guard thy sad funereal urn.

Then o'er my sister's peaceful sod,
I'll shed the tears of hope and love ;
And whilst she sleeps in peace with God,
Wait for a happier rest above.

A garland of her loveliest flowers
I'll lay upon the grassy mound ;
Till on her brow in blissful bowers,
A wreath of living sweets be found.

M. A. J.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY AND THE ANEMONE.

SWEET flower, you fondly strive to hide
Your lovely form from public view,
While this gay blossom's eastern pride
Appears in every varied hue.—

So will a cultur'd feeling mind
Oft trembling shrink from worldly gaze,
Whilst flippant wit, at ease reclined,
Spreads all around its transient rays.

Yet do I love *that* modest flower
Which blossoms in the humble shade,
And asks not for the sun's bright power,
By which this splendid plant's array'd.

SONG.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

A GLORIOUS fate is thine, fair maid !
The green earth and the sky
Nor bear an ill, nor cast a shade
To dim thine azure eye.

Thy soul is flashing o'er thy face,
Where bright emotions play ;
As waves o'er breezy rivers race
Beneath the sunny ray.

My path was lone, and all around
Was tempest and decay ;
And life had not a sight or sound
To cheer my onward way !

But now my darker dreams depart,
Thy form and voice are near ;
A light is on my raptured heart,
And music in my ear.

THE DEAR BOUGHT VICTORY;

OR,

The Monkey and the Sack of Nuts.

(Translated from the Italian of De Rossi, by Miss Agnes Strickland.)

WITHIN a balcony of state,
At ease, and happy beyond measure,
A monkey sat, who had of late
Become the master of a treasure.

Though not, indeed, of gems or gold,
(Mark ! I translate it to the letter,)
But fresh, sweet nuts, which I'll be bold
Friend Pug esteemed as something better.

These in a sack he tied with care,
For other monkeys by the dozen
Came flocking round, in hopes to share
The rich possessions of their cousin.

They thronged beneath in greedy train
The balcony where he was seated,

But quickly found 'twas all in vain
They reasoned, menaced, or entreated.

For Pug, however rich in fruit,
Appeared in bounty greatly lacking,
And flung in answer to their suit,
The shells of nuts which he'd been cracking.

At this the suppliants, filled with rage,
Resolved to sue to him no longer,
But battle now prepared to wage
As they in numbers were the stronger.

The monkey, on this rude attack,
Although he thought the means expensive,
Without ado untied his sack
And turned his nuts to arms offensive.

Pug with these missives aimed his blows
So hard and fast, that, in conclusion,
His smarting and be-pelted foes
Fled off in cowardly confusion.

At length he proudly stood alone
With feelings that of rapture savoured,
Prepared to thank, in joyous tone,
Dame Fortune, who his cause had favoured ;—

That he had from the fierce attack
His precious nuts so well defended,
But cast his eyes upon his sack,
And saw that they were all expended !

Through these he had maintained his place,
And now his foes had all retreated,
He stood precisely in the case
As if himself had been defeated.

Thus oft we see a triumph cost
As much as if the day were lost.

SONNET.

To a Child.

FAREWELL, beloved one! I do not say
Forget me not, when I am far from thee;
Thine infant heart has yet no memory,
For those who love thee well are far away.
Thou wilt forget me, and the eyes that loved
To look in thine, and arms that fondly press'd,
And shielded thee, by sleep or tears oppress'd,
Will die in thy remembrance—but unmoved
My love shall be, and with a changeless heart
I'll seek to bless thee, dearest! and to shed
Peace, honour, virtues on thy youthful head;
And I will teach thy footsteps to depart
From paths that lead to death, and bid thee trust
In thy God, and in mine—the merciful and just.

M. A. J.

THE SCHOOL-BOYS.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"My dear little boy," said George Parker to Henry Sterndale, "you have been very kind and useful to me ever since I arrived at this place, and I wish very much that"—

Here the speaker, a young West Indian, and full three years older than the child he addressed, (who was a clever little fellow in his tenth year), suddenly made a full stop, and his dark but intelligent countenance was suffused by a deep blush, on observing which, Henry said,

"What do you wish? I am sure I will do any thing to oblige you, for you have been very generous to me, and that is more than I can say of any other of our great boys."

"I wish much that you would be my little slave all the time we are at school together, for I love you better than any other little boy."

Henry's blood mounted more quickly to his face from anger, than that of George had done from timidity, and he answered indignantly—

"I would not be your *slave*, nor that of any grown up man, for all the world. No! not even the king's."

"I beg your pardon, I did not mean *slave* ; that is not the word ; but I was told when I came here, that I should have a little boy who would help me, and to whom I must in return be very kind."

"I suppose they said you would have a fag."

"Yes, that was it, that was what I wanted."

"Well, I have no objection to be your fag, for it is better to have one master than many, and the boys here, because I am a free boy (by which I mean I don't belong to any one of them), have a great trick of ordering me about on all occasions. Yes! I will be your fag with all my heart, but pray be careful never to use that word slave to a free-born British boy like me, or there will be an end of all friendship between us. Why, man, it would set our blood a boiling in December, to be mistaken for one of your West Indian Negroes."

"I shall never mistake you for one of those poor things," said George, as he stroked up the light ringlets that fell about the fair face of Henry, "so you don't need to speak in such a loud voice, and even if you were one, and bought with my own money, I should neither use you ill, nor suffer any other boy to do it. All that I mean is, that I am a stranger, and find myself very ignorant compared to those who are much younger than me, and I want some one to help me, as you have already done, for which I would be grateful."

Little Henry was an orphan, placed at school by a relation, who unwilling to pay the expences of so genteel an establishment as the one his pride and not his affection had pitched upon, subjected the poor child to many mortifications. His clothes were generally much shabbier than

those of any other boy; he had no home at the holidays whether he could invite any of his school-fellows, and what was worst of all, he had scarcely ever any pocket-money; and though he had learnt manfully to resist the temptations of cakes and oranges, he had by no means acquired the power of enduring the sneers which the vulgar and unfeeling indulged in, on witnessing his poverty. At these moments his indignation rose, whilst his heart bled with sorrow; and as he sought to hide his emotions in solitude, he had hitherto mingled so little with his companions, that he had not made that connection with any which was generally resorted to, by which the youngest claimed a protector, and the elder obtained an assistant, or servant.

This circumstance had been favourable to our little friend's improvement, for he had often spent that time in reading which others gave to play, and in consequence he was much in favour with the more judicious part of the teachers; but their kindness did not, of course, advance him in the good graces of his school-fellows, who looked upon him as a person below their grade in society, and compelled to learn in order to supply his wants. Pride of circumstances is peculiar to narrow minds, and therefore all children are given to it because they are all ignorant, until properly informed by those who have the care of their education; and it too often happens that this information is neglected, for points in fact of much less moment.

Young Parker was not aware of this; he came a stranger, and although the son of a very wealthy man, since his father had no title, nor was spoken of as related to rank, the little community did not recognise him at first as entitled to consideration; and in the kind-hearted, though retiring little

Henry, he perceived the first person who recognised his claims to kindness as a stranger. When he became sensible of his own deficiencies, and Henry's willingness to save him from shame or blame, his affection increased tenfold; and it is certain that although he made a great blunder in his offer, yet it was in the mode only, for from the time of their bargain, his purse and his power were alike at Henry's service; and when his ample stores were known, all the rest were quite willing to share his friendship and his presents.

Henry soon found that his generous friend had good abilities, but great idleness, and he set himself, by every means in his power, to excite the former and conquer the latter. For this purpose, whenever George wanted him to write an exercise, or do any thing else for him, he used to show him how to do it, but positively refuse to prepare it; and so far from accepting gifts for his services, he uniformly refused taking from him even an apple till the task was finished, "when" he would say, "we can eat them together in pleasure." George would sometimes be so vexed with his firmness, as to be ready to abandon the contract he had made, but the remembrance of the little boy's real utility and affection prevented him. In time he began to feel the pleasure resulting from having conquered his difficulties, subdued his indolence, and acquired the knowledge necessary for his station in life; and whilst he found himself the equal of Henry, he yet never forgot that it was to his influence he owed the advantage he had gained.

George remained at school till he was nearly eighteen, as his father wished to give him every advantage, but Henry was removed when he was in his fifteenth year, as his uncle desired to make him early useful; and being a tall, manly-

looking boy, as well as an industrious and clever one, he soon became of importance in the counting-house of his wealthy relative, who was a flourishing merchant.

The boys were thus effectually divided in person, but their hearts long clung to each other, and very hard did poor Henry think it, when his uncle (who was a severe, cold-hearted bachelor), forbade all correspondence with his West Indian friend, as a foolish and expensive waste of time and money.

Years passed on ; the uncle died,—and after denying his nephew during life almost every indulgence, left him, at twenty-three, a large fortune and extensive business, of which he was the uncontrolled possessor. Perhaps the sudden acquisition of so much property and liberty might have been injurious to one so young, and hitherto so closely confined in circumstances, if he had not at a very early period found a better channel for disposing of his wealth and occupying his leisure, than in the dissipation and pleasures of the metropolis.

One morning as he sate at breakfast, his servant announced a stranger, and after earnestly surveying him, Sterndale, throwing down the newspaper in his hand, rushed impetuously towards him, exclaiming, “ Surely I have the pleasure of seeing my dear friend Parker ? ”

“ Yes, Sir, you see *him* it is true, unchanged in heart, but alas ! very different in circumstances. You are now a man conversant in the affairs of life ; you are well aware of the great losses often experienced by West India planters ;—my father, and of course myself, have been amongst the greatest sufferers.”

“ I am sincerely grieved to hear it ; but come, sit down,

my dear friend, we can talk over these matters at our leisure."

"No, I will not sit down till I have told you all. My poor father is at this time settling all our affairs, and will follow me with the wreck of our property; this I fear will prove barely a support for himself and my sister, and therefore I now come to ask you to change with me as men, the relative situation we held together as boys—take *me* to be a slave, or fag, or clerk, whatever you choose to call it, in your counting-house.

"I will take you to be all three, dear George, for one year, and then most gladly make you my partner, if you shall have found the duties demanded from you agreeable;—in the mean time do not grudge me the pleasure of feeling I am your friend."

"Generous, noble-hearted Henry," cried Parker, as he threw his arms around him, and strained him to his breast, "ah! how different is your reception of me to that of many others since the days when misfortune began to frown on me! Thankfully do I accept all your offers, for I am well aware that I am welcome to your house and your heart. You never flattered my faults as a boy, you never cringed to me in your days of boyish bounty, and therefore you will never wound me by your pride now the tables are turned upon us."

"My dear fellow, remember also that I took freely that which you gave freely, and that I owe debts to you without end, which, as a regular tradesman, it is now my duty to discharge. How often have you slipped into my hands the half-pence I wished to give an old beggar—how many story-books found their way into my desk from your kindness!

What battles did you wage for me ! Oh what pleasure we, shall have in talking over our early days !”

Pleasures of the purest nature were indeed theirs. Parker became vigilant in business, and as his father eventually realized a considerable sum, he was enabled to enter into business with his friend on nearly equal terms ; but this made no difference in the minds of either party, for they were alike generous and confiding, though prudent and industrious. With the talents and cultivation of polished men, they retained the warm affection, the simple kindness, the enthusiastic friendship of early life ; and many of the companions of that period proudly press round them now, to partake the praise of being also—the friends of the School-Boys.

SONG.

BY JANE BOURNE.

WHEN friends are departed, how sweet to remember
Their converse enchanting in hours past away,
It gladdens the heart like a gleam in December,
Dispersing the mist of an o'er-shadow'd day.—

I'll cherish remembrance, though mingled with sorrow—
I'll cherish remembrance, oh ! ne'er to depart !
Though it slumbers by night, it awakes with the morrow,
And gratefully, warmly, possesses my heart.

LINES,

To a Little Girl that had lost her Mother.

BY T. ROSCOE.

SWEET picture of thy mother! thou fond child!
Are thine eyes veiled in slumber? Let me now
Gaze on those features, on thy fair calm brow;
Nor start to meet those looks so saintly mild
And dear, from which I late drank rapture. She
Hath left us; and *thou* art all the world to me.

I cannot yet look calmly in thy face;
Thy smiles are all thy mother's, and they bring
Thoughts deep and sad beyond imagining;
But in thy slumbering loveliness I trace
That quiet beauty and serene repose,
That seem in dreams to bring us nearer those

We have lost;—for such I deem their lovely sleep,
Unbroken till that bright and heavenly morn,
When angels welcome them to joys new-born—
Where loves are sundered not, nor young eyes weep;

Safe 'mid those blissful mansions of the sky
No mortal cares shall reach, nor griefs come nigh.

Thou smilest ! perchance dreaming of her and heaven,
Or folded in those arms, art hers once more,
As oft to mine my dreams will thus restore
Her visioned charms—too swift and rudely riven
Ere yet our souls prepared to breathe farewell,
And look that love weak words could never tell.

Ah blest ! unconscious of thine orphan doom !
Thy innocent mirth will oft renew my grief,
And e'en thy name brings but a sad relief—
It is thy mother's, and on each voice comes gloom,
Oft as I hear thee called ; though with my pain
Come sweet thoughts mingled 'midst these memories vain.

For it is sweet to think we call our own
Aught that was loved by others still most dear ;
The slightest tokens seem to bring us near
And nearer them—we are not quite alone ;
A thousand gentle words and acts of love
Come o'er us—Heaven's soft heart—dews from above.

But when the voice, look, smile, and every tone
And spirit of our love is breathing round—
The pledge of vanished joys, and hopes uncrowned—
A mother's hopes—when we are left alone
With these the living records of the past,
How deep the tumults of the widowed breast !

Thou too, all young and gentle as thou art,
Could'st suffer ;—hear our short and wild farewell,

And weep the little griefs thou could'st not tell,
Though but few summers warm thy glowing heart ;
Fondly thou asked me for thy mother's arms,
Till sleep, like this, part stilled thy young alarms.

Soon thou'lt be conscious of thy wants—thy loss—
All that thy mother's love had well supplied
Through years to come—through snares on every side,
And youthful pride and passions. These will cross
Our path, and thousand tender doubts and fears
Turn tremblingly to greet thy coming years.

All Hope can promise—all there is to dread
Starts into view,—now Fancy, Reason now,
Wreath bright or mournful chaplets for thy brow,
And tell of young hearts blest, or broke, or dead :
Yet may thy mother's worth still in thee shine
Through bliss or woe—all but her fate be thine !

So will I pray, that as in features, name,
And voice, thou'rt hers, thy virtues too may be ;
That clear brow be as calm as now I see ;
Thy sleep as sweet, thy words and acts the same
As Ida's were ! Methinks I should not grieve
As I have grieved, but for thy dear sake live.

THE DIAMOND WASHERS.

IN the district of Cerro do Frio, on the cold mountains of Brazil, there is an establishment of diamond-works. The district is situated on the very ridge of the mountains which stretch along the entire coast of Brazil, rising to their full height, in the interior, at the distance of three hundred miles.

It is here that the streams which pour themselves into the Atlantic, by means of the Rio, or river Grande, separate themselves from those which flow into it by the Rio Francisco.

On this very spot the diamond ground is situated, and extends over a space of sixteen leagues from north to south, and about half that number from east to west.

In the midst of this rugged country stands the town of Tejuco, whose inhabitants are almost entirely supported by diamond washing.

The largest range of works is situated upon the river Jijitonhona, a stream about as wide as the Thames at Windsor, and from three to nine feet in depth.

The diamond is contained in a kind of marl-like pebble, called *cascalhoa*, and is dug up from the bottom of the river, whose stream is, consequently, for the time diverted into another channel. This is done by a canal cut across the

land, round which the river winds, and the waters are prevented from returning to their old course by an embankment formed of bags of sand, placed across the river at the head of the canal.

The deeper parts of the river are then laid dry by pumps, the earth removed, and the cascalhoa dug up and carried to a convenient place for washing.

This laborious operation was, for a long time, performed only by negroes, who carried the cascalhoa in bowls upon their heads. In some of the works, the negroes are still unassisted in this employment; in others, their labour is spared by means of an inclined plane, along which, by the assistance of a water-wheel, two carts are moved—one cart descending empty down the inclined plane, at the same time that another ascends loaded with cascalhoa. When it has been thus transported from the bed of the river, the cascalhoa is laid in heaps ready for washing, and the negroes calculate upon digging up as much cascalhoa during the rainy season, as they can wash during the remainder of the year.

In the diamond works of Jijitonhona, there were two negroes, remarkable for their strength, and for their friendship to one another. They excelled, too, all the other negroes in manly beauty,—their limbs were straighter, better formed, their jetty skin was of a smoother and more polished texture, and their teeth more brilliantly white. They were young,—very young, but not new to a state of labour and of servitude; for, alas! they had been born slaves.

Cato and Paul, for such were the names given to them by their European masters, were however far from being unhappy: they were healthy and vigorous, and their labours

were light, for the prettiest negress of the whole establishment smiled upon them.

Clari, the belle of all the negresses, was not a slave. She had been taken from her parents into the protection of the overseer's wife, who had taken care to have her taught every useful acquirement, and her mistress herself had instructed her how to read and write. When her aged parents died, Clari was told by her mistress that she need no longer consider herself a slave, and that she might continue to live with her as a servant, or leave her and go whither she pleased.

"I have no friend in the world but you, my kind lady," answered Clari, "let me live with you, and turn me out of doors if ever Clari be ungrateful, or neglect to do what her mistress pleases."

Clari therefore had continued to live with her indulgent lady, and though a beauty and somewhat of a coquette, she had a kind heart, and often availed herself of her mistress's favour to intercede for any hapless negro who might have offended their more rigorous masters.

Few, indeed, were the slaves in her master's employ, who had not some time or other been indebted to the kind offices or good wishes of Clari, and to slaves constantly subjected to the stern countenance of a severe task-master, her very look of sympathy was a consolation. Paul and Cato both strove to please and win a glance of kindness from the bright black eye of Clari, but hitherto she had smiled on both alike, without favouring either with a single mark of preference.

The rainy season, which there begins in March and ends in August, was just over. This is by far the most laborious

part of the year for the negroes of Jijitonhona. Often and often had Clari, while attending upon her mistress's hammock, gazed upon the negroes toiling one after another with their baskets upon their heads, and literally groaning beneath their burdens, as they deposited them upon the heap. Clari's large laughing black eyes were often filled with a tear, when she saw their labours, instead of being encouraged by the kind and cheering voice of the master, too often rewarded only by a lash or a reprimand.

But this severe labour had now ceased, and the washing of diamonds begun. A shed was erected upwards of thirty yards long, and about half the width. This temporary building was formed by upright posts, supporting a roof which was thatched with long grass. Down the middle of it was conveyed, in a canal, a stream of water covered over with strong planks, upon which the cascalhoa was placed in heaps.

On each side of the canal a flooring of planks cemented by clay, and sloping downwards from the canal, extended all along the shed. This flooring was divided into about twenty troughs, formed by small ledges of wood fastened to the planks. The upper end of every trough joined the canal, and received water from it through a space of about an inch in size, left for the purpose between the boards. This space might be made larger or smaller, and the water could be forced to any part of the trough, or entirely stopped from entering, by a piece of clay.

These preparations were all completed, and the first day of washing arrived. Upon the heap of cascalhoa, at equal distances, were placed three high chairs for the three overseers of the establishment. When they were seated, the negroes entered, each carrying a short-handled rake, of a peculiar form, with

which he raked into a trough from fifty to eighty pounds weight of *cascalhoa*. Each negro then let water into his trough, taking care the while to rake the *cascalhoa*, so as to keep it in continual motion, and to retain it towards the head of the trough.

This process occupies the negroes about a quarter of an hour, until the earthy particles begin to be washed away, and the water becomes clearer. The gravel then is raked up to the end of the trough, until the stream by degrees flows quite clear : the large stones are picked up and thrown away, and then the smaller ones, after which the search for diamonds begins. When a negro finds a diamond, he immediately stands upright and claps his hands ; then he extends them, holding the precious jewel between his thumb and first finger. The overseer, who perceives by the motion of the negro what has happened, receives the diamond from him, and drops it into a *gamella*, or bowl, suspended from the top of the shed and which is half full of water. All the diamonds which are found during the day, are dropped into the same bowl, and, at the close of the work they are taken out, and delivered to the governor or principal officer, who weighs them, and registers the particulars in a book kept for the purpose.

The diamonds collected from these washings vary much in size. Some are so small, that two or three are required to weigh a single grain, twenty of which will scarcely make up a single carat ; while now and then, but very rarely, a stone weighing from seventeen to twenty carats is picked up, and once, perhaps, in the course of two years may be found one weighing as much as thirty carats.

There is one circumstance which consoles the negro slaves thus employed, and almost reconciles them to their labour.—

If a negro slave has the good luck to pick up a diamond of eight or ten carats weight, he is rewarded by a present of a suit of new clothes, two new shirts, a hat, and handsome knife. If he has the great good fortune to find one which weighs an octavo, or seventeen carats and a half, the negro is made happy for life. He is, by the laws of the district, entitled to his freedom, which is purchased for him by the governor, who pays his ransom to his master. No longer a slave, he is permitted ever after to work on his own account, free from the galling thralldom which oppresses and subdues the mind still more than it does the body.

It is for this reward, for the mere chance of the gift of freedom, so dear to every negro as well as to every other man, that they are all content to work with less sense of their unhappy condition. This it was that animated the countenances of Cato and Paul when the first day of washing arrived; this it was that urged them on to persevere so diligently, that even the overseer's stern looks were unconsciously changed into those of approbation.

The two friends always worked close to one another in neighbouring troughs, and each watched the other's progress with an anxiety almost equal to that which he felt for his own. They had no secrets from one another, and both knew, if ever either of them should have the good fortune to pick up a diamond of the desired weight, in what manner it was his intention to act. It might be that Clari, too, was aware of what was passing in the minds of these two friends, for every day, when the washing was over, had they met her; and her eager eye had seemed as if it asked them, "What luck, my friends?"

On the fourth day of the washing an exclamation was heard from Paul, and at the same instant Cato erected him-

self, and stretched forth his hand, in which was seen a diamond of unusual size. He was breathless with agitation, and when he had delivered his precious cargo into the hands of the overseer, almost sank down upon the ground.

Paul was scarcely less agitated, but both, after a short interval, resumed their work in silence.

The labours of the day were at length ended, and the bow of diamonds consigned to the principal overseer to be weighed. Where was now the animation of Paul and Cato? Arm in arm they stood during the proceeding, as if to support one another, whether in grief or joy.

Cato's diamond, was at length, in the hand of the officer. It was pleasing to see the anxiety of all present, even of the overseers themselves, that it should prove of sufficient weight to entitle the poor fellow to his liberty. It was weighed,—the overseer shook his head: "Sixteen carats and a half—only one carat wanting; 'tis a pity, Cato," said he. But Cato spoke not,—he walked away from the shed with his friend, and when Clari's black eye glanced up to his that evening, she saw a tear roll down his cheek,—she heard no murmur.

The next day, and the next, Cato and Paul were at their work in their troughs with their usual animation and activity.

Not many days after this, it happened that Clari was lingering near the shed about the time she thought their work would be over, when she heard a shout from within, and in a few minutes she learnt that Paul had picked up a diamond of eighteen carats weight, and on the next day would receive his freedom.

When the two friends came forth that evening, Clari was no where to be found, and they felt that something was wanting to their joy in her absence.

It is the custom at the works of Jijitonhona to make great rejoicings when a slave thus gains his liberty. The next day, therefore, was one of festivity and triumph. The slaves all assembled, and forming themselves into a procession, carried the happy Paul in triumph upon their shoulders. His head was crowned with a wreath of flowers, and he was supported by his friend Cato, whose happiness and triumph seemed as great as his own.

The procession marched up the meadow, by the river side, and made its way through the crowds that were assembled from the town of Tejuco.

Here many gay hammocks were swinging about in every direction, each borne upon the shoulders of a dozen negroes, and attended by domestics and slaves, for the Portuguese inhabitants of the colony thought it unsuitable to their dignity to be seen in public either on foot, or with a small number of attendants.

At the upper end of the meadow, close to the works, was erected a temporary kind of throne, on which was seated, in great state, the governor of the district. The overseers and inferior officers were placed on less elevated seats around.

A little to the left, was seen the light blue hammock of Clari's mistress, gaily decorated with light blue fringe. The curtains were drawn aside, and the overseer's wife was seen reposing upon the velvet cushion, watching with great interest the whole scene, for often had her favourite Clari talked to her of the two friends, Paul and Cato. The slaves whose office it was to carry the lady's hammock, had fastened it to the ground by a couple of iron staffs, firmly planted in the earth; and upon the iron forks at the head of them they rested the long bamboos attached to the hammock.

The procession of negroes at length reached the throne, and Paul, after being let down from the shoulders of the negroes, knelt at the feet of the governor, from whom he was to receive his freedom.

After paying down the ransom to Paul's master, the governor turned to the happy negro, and made him the presents usual on such an occasion, consisting of new clothes, linen, and other things. Then addressing him, he said, "I am pleased, Paul, that this good fortune has happened to you, for I hear that you are faithful and industrious. You are no longer a slave, but as in servitude you have done your duty, continue to do it still, now you are free." Paul's heart was full, he could not speak. He looked his thanks both to the governor and to his generous companions, who so heartily rejoiced in a good fortune they could not share.

When, at length, his friends dispersed, and formed themselves into mirthful groups,—some enjoying the dance, others occupied in sports and games in which they passed their holiday,—Paul, accompanied still by Cato, turned round to look for Clari.

She was not now to be seen by the side of her lady's hammock, and when, after some search, they found her, she was sitting dejectedly upon a mossy stone, beneath the shade of a banyan tree, no longer the joyous, the merry-hearted Clari.

Paul ran up to her,—“I am now free, like yourself, Clari! will you not now smile upon me?”

Clari had turned away her head, but forcing herself to smile, she looked at him,—“I am glad, very glad, Paul, that you have been so fortunate. You are now happy, but Clari cannot forget to be what she has ever been,—a friend to the unhappy. Clari will be poor Cato's wife.”

LOVE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

BY RICHARD HILL, ESQ.

LOVE.

WINTER winds are hushed above,
April rains bring summer weather ;—
Waking at the call of love,
Fold thy wings no more together.
To the dew-deck'd fields be roaming,
With the Bees 'mid cowslips humming,
Ere the fickle shower be coming,
Up and wander with me.

See ! for thee the sunny hour,
Hasting for the month of roses ;
And for thee the leafy bower
All its fragrant sweets discloses !
When through sun and shadow straying
Zephyrs with the spring are playing,
Who'd be loitering here and staying,
Or not wandering with me ?

BUTTERFLY.

Though the musky flower hath been
Cradle of my recent sleeping,
And the honied feast within,
Is a harvest worth my reaping ;
Yet I leave it—fair and sweetest
Though it be,—and first and fleetest
Of the summer train thou greetest
Speed to wander with thee.

Man of winter's life may boast,
Mine is closed when summer ceases,—
As the flowers we cherish most,
Withèr when the Sun decreases.
On love's garland couches lying,
'Mid the breath of perfumes sighing,
Who with *thee* e'er thinks of dying ?—
Come ! I'll wander with thee.

SONG.

THERE'S not a heath, however rude,
But hath *some* little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the Evening hour !

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own !

OUR VILLAGE CLERK.

AN old man with a faded eye,
A rustic coat the worse for wear,
A cheek of calm humility,
O'erhung by many a hoary hair—
A trembling of the bended limb,
A bowing of the aged head,
A glancing of the eye to Him,
The Father of the hungry.

O dwelling of the glory-cloud !
How often have I bent before
Thy beauty, 'mid the kneeling crowd,
Upon the stone-memorial'd floor ?—
And linger'd in the matted aisle,
To see the old man put away
The holy books with reverend smile,
Until the coming Sabbath day !

Elder of our village shrine,
Thy lamp of joy is burning dark,
And faintly now its gleam doth shine
On many a lone and drifting bark—

Days of gladness are before thee,
Peace and worship in thy cot,—*
May the love of Him be o'er thee,
Who giveth and repenteth not !

THE HARROVIAN.

* Our Clerk has been recently pensioned.

THE SECRET.

COME to me, sweet, I've a secret to tell,—
Come to me, sweet, in the birchen dell ;—
Come at the hour of the nightingale's song,
When the rarest of odours are stealing along.

But, Lady, the secret I'd whisper to thee
Must cling to thy heart like the bud to the tree ;
A beautiful thing shedding perfume around,
But voiceless and silent as dew on the ground.

Oh ! breathe it to none ;—let it sleep in its cell,
Like a glimpse of blue sky in a wood-cover'd well ;
Let it bask in its seat, like a bird in its nest,
'Till thy last chord of feeling be snapp'd and at rest !

R. T. H.

A THOUGHT OF HOME AT SEA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

'Tis lone on the waters
When Eve's mournful bell
Sends forth to the sunset
A note of farewell !

When borne with the shadows
And winds as they sweep,
There comes a fond memory
Of Home o'er the deep !

When the wing of the sea-bird
Is turn'd to her nest,
And the heart of the sailor
To all he loves best.

'Tis lone on the waters—
That hour hath a spell
To bring back sweet voices
And words of farewell !

ZOE AND MURIOTTI.

BY DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

THE evening was calm and serene after the horrors of the storm ; the air breathed a balmy and refreshing coolness, and the turbulent waves were smoothed into soft tranquillity. Upon a high projecting rock of one of the islands of the Archipelago, stood a light and sylph-like figure in an attitude of anxious suspense—of deep-felt anguish. It was a young female, on whose sweet countenance the first blossoms of youth had scarcely mellowed into ripeness. Her rich unrestrained hair streamed wildly on the breeze ;—a light flowing garment hung loosely on her beauteous form, and more enhanced her youthful charms than all the ornaments of art.

She seemed unconscious of the pelting rain, that after the first fierce burst of the storm, had fallen profusely around her. Her delicate limbs were drenched, but she seemed not to feel the piercing chillness, for the powers of her soul were intent on an object that called forth all her solicitude. Her eyes were bent in wild earnestness towards the island of Ipsara.

During the day, large and undulating columns of smoke had shot from that devoted place, and clearly betokened

that some fresh calamity had befallen it; that the savage Turk had signalized his rage against his victims, by some new act of barbarity. Zoé, unmindful of the inclemency of the weather, had remained many an hour on that high and craggy point. Towards evening every thing was again serene and clear; her eyes were strained to catch any object from the dear spot that contained all she prized most in life, for there, in that ill-fated Ipsara, dwelt Muriotti—Muriotti, the fond companion of her infancy—the ardent friend of her youth—her own betrothed lover;—and now the sky grew clearer from the fiercer conflict of the elements, one bright cerulean expanse succeeded the huge and shapeless cloud that had darkened the firmament. The wide bosom of the sea looked smooth and stilly, as if fatigued with the foregoing conflict, and Zoé gazed eagerly over the waters, when to her surprise and throbbing delight, she fancied she perceived a little black speck dancing on the liquid element. The object approached nearer, it enlarged visibly. and at length it became clearly discernible; it was a skiff rowed by two unhappy beings, who strained their utmost energy to gain a point of land.

Below the rock where Zoé stood, lay a broad sandy beach favourable to disembarking, and the skiff made its way towards that side. More firmly and unremittingly the two boatmen now plied their oars, and after some unsuccessful efforts, they at length landed, though apparently exhausted with their toil.

They were Greeks, and had escaped from the island of Ipsara. Zoé hastened with anxious looks to meet them, eager to gather the intelligence on which all her future hopes were to rest. The eldest of the two strangers, overpowered

with fatigue, had thrown himself beneath the cover of a sheltering rock, whilst his younger companion, who appeared in the first stages of manhood, was seen toiling slowly to meet the inquiring looks of the fair girl, whose figure had been the beacon he held in view on the top of that picturesque cliff.

Soon their eyes met—and Zoé, uttering a cry of surprise and joy, fell overpowered by contending emotions, into the arms of the youthful stranger. It was Muriotti, her own betrothed, but, alas! in what a forlorn condition did he now appear before her sight—how different from the gay deportment and rich attire of a fortunate bridegroom. Strong grief was marked on his manly countenance—a silent horror seemed to have frozen his power of speech. It was plain some dreadful secret was swelling at his breast; his whole air bespoke the presence of some fearful calamity, and the scanty and poor apparel that covered his limbs, further confirmed the sad surmises of the astonished girl.

“Oh my Muriotti,” she cried with emotion, after the first gush of feeling had abated—“Speak to me! what occasions the wild confusion in which you return thus terrified to your Zoé. This was the day—the happy day appointed for our union. Oh my God! soon as the day diffused its first fainting rays, I hastened to behold thy approach. Alas! the day passed in dread suspense, and still I vainly looked, full of fearful anticipations. First the storm, with raging power came to blight all my hopes; and when the earth and skies again smile, thou comest, not with a gay concourse of merry boats, but in a solitary skiff, and with all the signs of unutterable despair.”

“Weep, my Zoé! weep!” cried mournfully the young

Greek, "for this day, marked by us to be the happiest of our existence, is to me the death-blow of all those hopes ; the herald of misery unbounded—the loss of joys never to be redeemed. Look on yonder island—my country—the ill-fated Ipsara. See ! the fiery proofs of her downfall still rise and blacken the atmosphere. Alas for my country !—woe to her children !—Ipsara is no more !"

Muriotti sunk to the ground overpowered by his feelings, whilst the tender Zoé, with soothing accents, threw her snowy arm caressingly round his neck, and endeavoured to calm his agitation. But the Greek looked in pensive sorrow on his beloved, and as he saw the tears streaming from her eyes, his agony seemed to acquire additional strength. He could not speak ; but to the words of consolation addressed by Zoé, he answered with a sad smile, pointing to the smoking Ipsara. After a melancholy pause, Zoé tremblingly spoke—

"Oh, my friend, yield not thus to despair, for the sake of those who have such powerful claims to your life, and—"

"Alas !" interrupted the Greek, with a look of deep affliction, "Zoé, thou art now the only being left me in this miserable world."

"What sayest thou, Muriotti ?" eagerly demanded the affrighted girl.

"The sad, sad truth," replied her lover with fearful tranquillity.

"Thy venerable father, thy brave brothers ?"—

"Are now no more, their ashes are mingling with those of our fallen city. Oh, my Zoé ! I am now a solitary wanderer in this world, and but for thee, and for the wild excitement—the thirst of revenge which consumes my bosom, yonder sea should 'ere this moment have been my



ZOE AND MURIOTTI.

Published by Hurst, Granger & Co. 54, St. Paul's Church-yard.



sepulchre, for I could not survive so much misery. But thou, my sweet flower! art left exposed to the blighting storms, without a protecting tree to defend thy blossoms from the raging wind and the tempest. I must live to deplore my country's doom; live without the happy name of thy husband and protector, or of a brother and a friend. I may not dream of happiness, alas! whilst my family and my fellow countrymen lie unburied and unrevenged. No, here, in the name of heaven, I renounce all the joys which this life can confer, intensely delightful as they must be,—united to thee, my Zoé! Yes, I renounce all, to dedicate the hours of my wretched existence to the service of my suffering country."

Zoé made no answer, but a flood of tears relieved the overpowering load of grief that oppressed her bosom. She cast a melancholy look on her lover, which implied her readiness to abide by his decision; the flattering hopes which had buoyed up her heart withered away, and she seemed to collect all her strength of soul to endure a life of woe, in place of the happiness she had expected that day. Under such circumstances, joy to them seemed almost criminal, and the unfortunate bride readily perceived the justice and propriety of her lover's determination.

"Yes, my dear Zoé," he resumed in a tone of deep sorrow, "I came but to see thee again, to take a sad, perhaps a last farewell, and then return to scenes where war rages more fiercely, and where the exertions of every Greek are more than ever needed. Oh! my venerable father—my gallant brothers—here I solemnly swear, neither to rest, nor enjoy the common pleasures of this world, until I see your barbarous murder amply avenged."

The unfortunate lover remained some time immersed in grief, such as a son and a brother can only know ; but the shadows of night were now spreading over the neighbouring cliffs, which stood like a spectral throng lengthening on the clear tranquil waters below. Evening had departed, and to the soft murmurs of that quiet hour now succeeded the fitful scream of the sea-bird, and the night breeze moaning round the cliffs. A feeling of tranquil loneliness had followed the gloom and horror of the day. It was time to depart. Muriotti tenderly clasped to his agitated breast the half-lifeless form of his disconsolate betrothed, and with one sudden effort sprang to depart. Zoé attempted not to arrest his steps, but with tearful eyes and dismal silence she watched the departure of her wretched lover. Muriotti and his companion were soon in the slender boat, skimming along the quiet waves. Zoé fixed her eyes on that one dear object ; a scarf waved in the wind,—that scarf was steeped in her tears—a gale rose up, and swept the little boat from sight, and a settled gloom fell on the heart of the afflicted girl. Once more she strained her sight to behold the beloved object—it was in vain. Night had already enveloped the wide sea, and no object was longer to be discerned.

Thus with a bursting heart she returned to her home, there to weep through the tedious night, the wreck of all her fondest expectations in this world. Meantime Muriotti, as wretched as the beauteous bride he left behind, sped swiftly to Nicaria, where the most resolute of his countrymen were preparing to renew a desperate struggle with their oppressors. We will not follow the many adventures, or rather the long series of misfortunes, that marked the succeeding days of the young Greek. After a variety of hardships, he

at length joined the gallant and devoted men who defended their liberty at the ever memorable siege of Missolonghi ; there he fought bravely, desperately, and there, when the Turks took possession of the place, he was found covered with wounds, and apparently breathing his last. In a state of insensibility he was carried to a humble shed in the suburbs, and there some charitable hand sought to afford every consolation and solace that might mitigate the bitterness of his last moments ; for alas ! every hope of his recovery was gone. Muriotti long lay in a state of delirium ; for two whole weeks he remained in total unconsciousness of what was passing around him. On the third the fever abated—he opened his eyes, and cast a mournful and inquiring look. Strange he should find himself in the company of an old Turk, and a boy, who though attired in Turkish habit, appeared by his air and language to belong to the Greeks. The boy approached his miserable pallet, and put his finger to his lip, as if to enjoin his silence while the old Turk retired. The young attendant to whose kindly offices Muriotti was so largely indebted, now affectingly said, “ That old man is my master ; in his presence I dared not unfold my mind to you, for I am no Turk, but a Greek by birth, a native of Scio.”

“ Oh heavens,” cried Muriotti, moved, “ ’tis now nearly two years since I last saw that place, but why bring to my memory those sad recollections ? My friend,” he continued in a feeble tone, “ to thee, to a Greek, I can intrust the last bequest of a dying man ; take this, it contains a lock of hair, of one as dear to this bosom, as we have both been unfortunate. I feel the hand of death to be upon me : but a few moments have I to breathe this painful air, and these shall be employed

in calling a blessing on my poor Zoé, and thanking thee, my good friend, for all the solicitude thou hast shown me."

As he said this, the young Greek observed that his attendant was overpowered with emotion, and seemed to be weeping bitterly. He looked intently on the pallid and sorrowful features of the boy; the impulse of sorrow—a sort of natural instinct came to aid his recollection, and as the boy reclined on his dying bed, Muriotti uttered a faint cry of mingled surprise and joy.

"My Zoé! my own Zoé! Heaven be praised, I see thee once again before I die!" He extended his feeble hands towards his desolate love; she took them and bathed them in her tears, but she could not speak. In a trance of grief they remained unconscious of every thing around them. Mean-time death was hastening to secure his victim. His eyes grew dim—his lips became colourless—the power of utterance seemed to have deserted him; but with great exertion he summoned the failing energies of his departing soul, and in a trembling voice said—

"Heaven bless thee, my own Zoé! despair not, look to the mercies of God. I die for my country; let this conviction soften the poignancy of your grief. We shall soon meet again in a better world, never more to separate. Adieu, my beloved! my betrothed, adieu!" He ceased, a slight tremor shook his frame, and the next moment he breathed his last.

Zoé felt with terror that she clasped a corpse within her arms, but her love and woe overpowered all her fears—she uttered a deep sigh—one low cry of agony, and laying her head on her lover's breast, she wept herself into a gentle slumber, apparently as soft as that of him she embraced. From that quiet slumber she never more awoke.

EVENING HYMN

OF THE

Tyrolse Peasants.

(Versified from the Translation, in "Notes and Reflections in Germany, by the author of 'Recollections of the Peninsula.'")

THE loved hour of rest is sounding,
Haste we to the sun-set tree ;
There shall we 'mid shades surrounding,
After toil rest cheerily.

How I pity those who pressing
Couch of down till day-light's close,
Of our rest know not the blessing—
Precious is this hour's repose !

Sweet the rest of Sabbath morning !
That long sabbath's rest more sweet,
When from labour freed, its dawning
Brings us to our Father's feet.

There's no toil nor sunbeams burning ;
From that happy place are driven
Want and sickness, sin and mourning—
Long and sweet our rest in heaven !

A FAVORITE CAT'S EPISTLE TO THREE YOUNG FRIENDS ABROAD.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

AGAIN returns the smiling morn of May,
With song, with blossom, and with sunshine gay !
Again, by garlands crowned, each brow I see,
But ah, no garland waves a leaf o'er me !
Fled are the fairy forms that used to weave
In dewy morning, or thro' balmy eve,
My floral crown,—the wreath that wont to deck
With many a daisied link this grateful neck :
Ensigns of royalty elective, given
To Rosa's noble grace, and temper even !
Unhonored now, with pensive pace I go
Where still yon limes their silken shadows throw
Beyond my mistress' garden ; moving round
The scene that once to me was magic ground.
There, turning from the river's flowing glass,
I stretch my puny limbs along the grass,
And close my sad sense 'gainst the rich perfume
Which Zephyr wafts me from the shrubbery's bloom.
For crownless now, (alas !) no more I say
Your happy Rosa is the Queen of May !
Then, as with whiskers wet with many a tear,
I muse o'er vanished grandeur's brief career,

Swift memory brings again the blissful hours
When my majestic form was throned on flowers :
When *Britain's Queen* bestowed my favorite treat,*
With message gracious, and with smiles more sweet !
When Mary praised my milk-white breast and paws,
My tabby back, fringed ears, and pointless claws,
My brow serene, my eyes of wondrous hue—
Not grisly green, faint grey, or maukish blue,
But like th' expressive gazel's, soft and bright,
And darkly brilliant on an eastern night ;
When gay Louisa joyed my kits to see
Transported sily to some distant tree ;
Then saw me run with fond alarm, to bring
Back in my careful mouth each squalling thing !
When sturdy Herbert, shrinking from our race,
Yet won to love me by my gentle grace,
Would dauntless catch me in his potent grasp,
And to his breast my glossy beauties clasp.
Meanwhile, my sauntering mistress laughed and gazed,
Her Rosa patted, her young playmates praised.
O those were days of joy ! but never more
Shall future Mays their happiness restore !
Soon will these mildly-shining eyes grow dim ;
Soon, soon must age usurp each agile limb !
Death's icy hand ere long, some hapless day,
Must stretch poor Rosa on her parent clay ;

* The present alluded to, was a melon from the late Queen Charlotte, and sent expressly for the writer's favourite, after her Majesty had been amused by an account of Rosa's taste in eating. This fancied epistle was written three or four years afterwards, to her Majesty's little visitors, then upon the Continent.

And ye will grieve for her, though far away!
But grieve not long, dear objects of my love!
Let other thoughts the transient pain remove.
O haste to give that sympathy, which first
'Mid childhood's pure Penates has been nursed,
To christian kindness in its loveliest sense;
Living the life of true benevolence.
Those tides which flow from pity's humblest source,
O haste to guide into a nobler course;
From dumb, domestic favorites turn, to see
Where human suffering mounts to agony;
Where famished children vainly cry for bread,
And shroudless lies the poor, unburied dead;
Where never taught to pray, yet praying still,
Some contrite wretch, with many a chastening thrill,
Looks on the *Book of God*, and longs to share
With those who know to read, the comfort there.
O hasten then, to succour, cheer, and heal:
Shew how your souls indeed have learned to feel!
Go watch the sufferer's bed; wrap the pale clay;
Lead the sad orphan in your hand away:
Give food to the starved lip;—to the starved heart
A better food—the Bread of Life, impart;
Instruct the ignorant, yet humbly own—
For you, for all,—there is but *One* alone,
Whose word unlocks the heart, unscales the eyes,
And fits Man's fallen nature for the skies!

.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

With a Pocket Book,

PRESENTED ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY MRS. COCKLE.

WHAT tho' the wintry hours unmark'd remain,
Yet many a record may be number'd here,
The mingling trace of pleasure and of pain,
Ere THIS is added to the vanish'd year.

Let them be character'd with conscious worth,
With duties done, and many a secret thought,
That in its upward flight ascends from earth,
With more than earthly hopes and feelings fraught.

Here be the silent register of deeds,
That mark the impulse with the power to bless ;
That ne'er from sorrow's pilgrim path recedes,
Or shuns the way to patient wretchedness.

And oh ! be here a higher record still,
Of earthly passions soften'd into peace ;
The rising whirlwind calm'd beneath the will
That checks the storm, and bids the tempest cease ;

The tempests of the mind, which ruder far
Than those that mark the elemental strife,
When roused, with Nature's gentler works at war,
Bend the young flower, and blight the bloom of life.

Go then, my friend ! with steady steps pursue
An even path in Virtue's tranquil way,
Marking your errors, as they rise in view,
You'll find *to-morrow*, happier than *to-day*.

SONG OF A FAY.

(From an unpublished "Masque.")

BY PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, ESQ.

WHEN garish day has closed his eye,
And silly mortals sleeping lie,
Then I run, and then I fly,
Among the stars that gild the sky :

But when the sun new-risen is tipping
Every hill with golden light,
And each bird, the dew-drop sipping,
Clears its throat for new delight,

Then to mossy covert creeping,
Softly do I sink to sleep,
Till the nightingale is weeping,
And the moon beam on the deep.

HENRY VERNON,

OR

The Passionate Boy.

“He that conquereth his own spirit,” says the wise man, “is greater than he that taketh a city.” It would be well for mankind in general, and equally so for individuals in particular, if the truth of this apothegm were as fully approved in practice, as it is admitted in proposition; but the evils resulting from indulgence too clearly shew that the task of vanquishing a moral defect, or a natural infirmity, is almost universally considered as too inglorious, or too difficult to be attempted. The folly of the former supposition it would be a mere waste of words to expose; of the incorrectness of the latter, the following tale may serve as an example.

Henry Vernon was an intelligent, clever little boy about eight years old. He was naturally of an amiable disposition, generous and affectionate in the extreme, but was unhappily addicted to fits of passion which obscured his more excellent qualities, and were a source of much uneasiness to his parents. Every remonstrance had hitherto failed of its effect, and the evil habit instead of lessening, seemed daily to increase.

Whenever he met with the slightest contradiction he gave way to the utmost violence, throwing himself on the ground, where he generally lay struggling and kicking till he had quite exhausted himself.

It happened one day that he was very desirous of going into the room to his mamma ; but being forbidden to do so by his maid, he instantly threw himself into a passion, and upon her endeavouring to draw him away, he uttered the most piercing shrieks. Alarmed at the sound, Mrs. Vernon came out ; but her presence made no difference. He paid no regard to her words, but continued to scream and struggle as before. Despairing of making any impression, she turned away with an intention of leaving him to himself, when her eye was arrested by the reflection of herself and son in the large glass, which was suspended at the end of the apartment opposite to them. A thought instantly struck her, and laying her hand on his arm, she directed his attention to the same object. She spoke not ; and Henry, who had in the first instance involuntarily obeyed her motion, seemed to gather fresh rage alike from the interruption and the glance which he had caught. Attracted, however, by some secret impulse, he again turned to the glass, and now found himself unable to withdraw his eyes. His mother's sorrowful countenance was shockingly contrasted with his own red and swollen face, and her fixed attitude with his frantic movements. He gradually became calm, his features lost their furious expression, and shame took possession of his heart.

" Henry," said Mrs. Vernon, " I perceive you are conscious of the folly and impropriety of your behaviour, but if you appear thus contemptible in your own eyes, think for a moment how degraded you must appear in the sight of others,

and above all in the sight of God. Think, also, if thus you stand self-accused and convicted in your own mind, what must inevitably be the sentence of your Almighty Judge, were he at this instant to call you before His awful tribunal."

Henry shuddered—"O mamma," said he, "I am indeed ashamed and sorry too; but forgive me this once, and I promise you that I will never be in a passion again."

"That," replied Mrs. Vernon, "is more than you can say, when I can expect; but I will readily grant my forgiveness on condition that you steadily endeavour to conquer a habit which is equally disgraceful and censurable, and the consequences of which no one can foresee. Disease, murder, and death, are however frequently its followers, while constant disquietude, if not actual misery, is its inseparable companion."

"Say no more, mamma," cried Henry. "I am *sure* I can answer for myself—trust me, and you shall not be disappointed."

Mrs. Vernon shook her head. "I respect the sincerity of your intention, my dear boy," said she, "and therefore I promise to *trust* you, but remember that self-confidence affords no ground for a continuance in well doing, and that the greatest strength consists in habitually guarding against an acknowledged weakness. You have, however, entreated my reliance upon your word, and have obtained your request—beware, then, how you break that dependence which you are now bound to preserve."

For some time Henry was true to his promise: his satisfaction was great, and he rather proudly remarked to his mother, "how much better he understood his own power than she had done. It however unfortunately happened, that he

and one of his younger brothers were one evening amusing themselves with building card-houses. Henry had reared his edifice many stories high, and was exulting in his superior skill, when his little companion accidentally shook the table, and the fruit of his care and patience was destroyed in an instant. All self-command immediately fled, and in a gust of passion he aimed a blow at Charles. This was returned, and a battle was on the point of ensuing, when Mrs. Vernon flew to part the combatants. She instantly succeeded in drawing Charles away, but Henry was not to be restrained so easily. Enraged still more by this interference, he sprang after his brother, and failing in his attempt to seize him, he raised his arm and with his whole strength struck his mother. No sooner had he done so than horror and contrition filled his bosom. For a few moments he remained motionless, and then falling at her feet, he besought pardon.

"Rise, Henry," said Mrs. Vernon, in a tone so calm, yet so expressive of acute feeling, that it chilled his very heart—"You have a higher pardon than mine to implore, and this it must be your duty and endeavour to obtain. Your offence as it regards myself is forgiven, but my good opinion and dependence on your word are forfeited, and not till I see that I have just cause for doing so, can they be restored to you."

Never had Henry met with punishment like that which he now endured. No allusion indeed was made to his fault, no reproof met his ear; no restriction was put upon his pastimes or hours of recreation, and no heavier tasks were imposed. Every thing proceeded as before. The gentleness and kindness of his mother remained unaltered; she attended to his wants with scrupulous exactness, assisted

him in preparing his lessons for his Latin master, or with unwearied patience taught him herself, and allowed him all his usual indulgences. But there was a seeming indifference in her manner which stung him to the quick; no smile ever awaited his approach, no endearing epithet fell from her lips, no invitation to sit beside her followed his efforts to enter into conversation, and never, as before, was her cheek pressed fondly to his when he had denied himself any pleasure to gratify his brothers and sisters. Now it was that he felt what he had lost. For some time he bore his correction in submission and silence, keeping the strictest guard over his temper, and showing himself obedient to her slightest wishes. He had met with several opportunities of proving his sincerity, and had been virtuous in all. He watched every turn of her countenance, he redoubled his endeavours to please her and to win her attention. In vain were his efforts; she was uniformly calm, reserved, and apparently regardless of him. At length this began to be insupportable, and various as painful were the reflections and conjectures that arose in his mind. Sometimes he questioned the justice of her behaviour towards him, and thought her needlessly severe, and framed excuses for himself; at others he feared that she had ceased to love him. But these impressions lasted only while he was out of her presence. All her actions breathed affection not to be doubted, and his heart smote him not only for the offence he had originally given her, but for the suspicions that he allowed to rise.

Full of sad thoughts, however, he came to take leave of her one evening before he retired to rest. "Good night, mamma," said he sorrowfully. Mrs. Vernon simply returned the salutation. Henry paused. "Good night, *dear* mamma," said he,

kissing her cheek and laying great stress on the epithet, dear. "Good night, Henry," calmly replied Mrs. Vernon, continuing her occupation. Henry still lingered by her side. "Good night, mamma," he repeated in a tone descriptive of what was passing in his heart. "My *own* mamma, good-night." He received no answer, and the tide of proud and irritated feeling was rising in his breast when he saw a large tear drop on the muslin which she held in her hands. Henry could contain himself no longer, but throwing his arms around her neck he sobbed aloud. "Restore me your good opinion, your own sweet love—oh notice me again, or indeed you will break my heart," he cried in broken accents. "You have punished me rightly, but do not, for pity's sake, do not punish me thus any longer. Assist me to conquer whatever displeases you, and help me to become good and happy."

Mrs. Vernon returned his caresses with equal ardour, but for a few moments was silent. "Henry," said she at length, "I have suffered as well as yourself, and let the remembrance of what your *infirmity* has cost us both, act as a check upon you for the future."

"I am sure it will," continued the still agitated boy. "Oh, how much more severely have I felt your displeasure in this manner, than I should have done if you had openly expressed your anger. I could have borne every thing that you could have said to me, or any punishment you might have ordered me, but to love me and not to shew me that you loved me—to be so cold and yet so good—to be like my own mamma in every thing, and yet not like my mamma in what I love best! Oh, it was such strange kindness," and he again burst into tears. Mrs. Vernon wept with him. "It was not without much effort, my dear boy," said she, "that I was able to preserve the

line of conduct I had marked out for myself towards you, but a superior motive to any arising from mere personal consideration sustained me—the hope of effectually curing you of a serious and dangerous defect, and I trust my views are answered.”

“ I trust so too,” exclaimed Mr. Vernon, who had been some time in the room unperceived ; “ and now let me draw an inference from the whole, which perhaps your mamma might have some delicacy in doing. Thus, Henry, does our Heavenly Father in many instances act by us all. Presuming on our own strength, we neglect to implore His Grace, and are suffered by Him to fall from our resolutions, and to prove by sad experience our weakness. We provoke Him with our offences, we insult Him with our neglect and indifference, and compel Him to turn his face away from us. Yet does He not leave us entirely. He supports us amidst danger, and sustains our lives with His mercies. Oh, happy they whom He awakens to a sense of their own unworthiness by the gentler demonstrations of His power. Happy, thrice happy they, who being brought to a sense of their error, for ever forsake it, and atone by a life of steady virtue for former wanderings.”

Henry was right ; he never did forget the lesson he had received. It required, indeed, the utmost vigilance both of himself and parents, entirely to conquer the infirmities of his temper ; but the task was finally accomplished, and he is now an excellent young man, remarkable for the sweetness and urbanity of his manners, and is justly the delight and happiness of his family.

OLD WALLS.

Ruins of a Monastery in the South of Devon.

We strolled along much at our ease,
Talking of spring, and birds, and trees ;
When lo ! o'ergrown with ivy green,
An abbey's dark remains are seen—
 Roofless and desolate,
 Of all its former state
 No trace remains ;
 Nor chaunted strains
Of vespers, bearing on their wings
 The raptured soul to heaven.
But here the blackbird sweetly sings
 A requiem to the slumbering dead ;
And here the primrose lifts its head,
 And fearless blooms
 Among the tombs,
 And decks each nameless bed.
Here, too, the murmuring breath of spring
Sighs softly round, and seems to bring
 A sad mysterious moan—
 Departed glory's meed,

And cold the heart, indeed,
That would not echo a responsive tone !
Perhaps, in olden time,
Before this holy shrine,
The white robed virgin bands,
With meekly folded hands,
And eyes to heaven upraised,
Have their great Maker praised ;
And bright celestial visions seem'd,
To flit before each raptur'd eye
And on each ear dwelt angel minstrelsy,
While heavenly splendours round the altar beam'd !
But all is past—and none that live,
Its history may tell ;
Yet to its fall a sigh we give,
“ Grey ruin, fare thee well ! ”
So, on we went ; while from our view
The mouldering pile recedes ;
Yet many a lingering glance we threw
Back o'er the yellow meads.
And then we said, at least a name
These hallowed relics still may claim,
To tell of former deeds ;—
We asked a peasant if he knew
Aught of these ruined halls—
“ Aye,” said the lout, “ full sure I do ;
That place be called Old Walls ! ”
And this is all !—and thus must pass
Whate'er is great or fair ;
’Tis viewed awhile in memory’s glass,
Then vanishes in air.

FLOWERS.

BY EMILY TAYLOR.

I LOVE ye, Flowers ! sweet flowers, whose tale
Is not of earth's degrading toil ;
Oh, how refreshing is your bloom,
Till meaner thoughts your image spoil !

I love ye, Flowers ! but not the more
Because ye speak of human care ;
Escaped from crowds, I nature sought,
But busy man is every where.

And cares for you, ye careless ones,
Who live but to delight and bless,
Are in man's heart—and on your forms
I trace his seal of selfishness.

I love to think that Heaven itself
Has told ye when to bloom and die ;
That sun and shower fulfil its word
And ask no meaner agency.

Beautiful Flowers ! O leave me yet
One thought that springs from Earth to Heaven ;
Nor be the image of my God
From his fair earthly garden driven.

Even in this lower Paradise,
Leave me to find a little trace
Of Him who made it all so fair,
Nor plant Man's likeness in the place.

TO MY INFANT BOY.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

COME, little smiler ! I have heard men say
That in the looks of children one may trace
The destiny of years—turn then this way,
And I will read thy fortune in thy face.
And now that I have shaded gracefully
Those silken curls, that a glad brow conceal,
Lavater would have worshipp'd, and thine eye
On mine is smiling—what doth it reveal ?
My own within that magic glass appears
Reflected bright ; and there fond hope hath cast
All that we love and wish—gleams of far years
That scatter flowers—with sun-shine at the last !
Go, then, fair child—how happy shalt thou be !—
A father's wishes are thy destiny.

THE YOUNG TYROLESE.

BY MISS C. STRICKLAND.

AMONG the gallant band of patriots that rallied so bravely round the standard of Andrew Hofer, there was not a more devoted champion of freedom than Gustavus Rosen. Placed by birth and fortune beyond the cares incidental to poverty, and blessed in the society of a beloved wife and two amiable children, Rosen had passed the meridian of his days in tranquil happiness ; misfortune had been a stranger to his dwelling, till the invasion of the French army poured the red tide of war with remorseless fury into the once fruitful valleys of the Tyrol. All that was dear and lovely lay crushed beneath the steps of the conqueror ; the voice of woe and wailing was heard throughout the land—mothers mourning for their children, children for their parents.

The sound of busy, cheerful labour ceased on the plains ; the joyous voice of childhood was hushed. The note of the shepherd's pipe was heard no more as he led his fleecy care from the fold. The chime of sabbath bells no longer swelled with hallowed melody upon the breeze, summoning the inhabitants of the land to meet together in the house of prayer, to mingle in one general chorus of praise and grateful thanksgiving to Him from whose hand all blessings flow.

Those bells were now only heard pealing forth the alarm that woke terror and dismay in the hearts of the feeble and

the helpless, mingling in jangling and discordant sounds with the rolling of drums, the shrill blast of the bugle, or loud trumpet, and the deep roar of the artillery. The tumult of war had hushed all other sounds.

Panic stricken, the Tyrolese at first made no effectual effort for resisting the invading army; they looked to Austria for succour, but she was unable to afford them any assistance, and the hapless Tyrol fell a victim to the policy of its princes.

In the hour of terror and despair, when all had forsaken her, Hofer, the village innkeeper, alone stood forward as the champion of his country. Fired with patriotic zeal, he planted the standard of freedom once more on his native mountains, exhorting his countrymen to rally round it in defence of their country's rights.

The fire of patriotism was kindled, and like the electric shock it flew from man to man. The thrilling cry of "Hofer and Liberty!" was repeated by every tongue. "We will conquer or die in the cause of freedom!" and a thousand answering echoes from the hills returned,—“We will die!”

Even women and children seemed inspired with the same patriotic zeal, and vowed to die in the defence of their country. Mothers were seen leading their sons, yet stripplings in years, to the camp, with their own hands arming them in the cause of Liberty. "It is better to die than to live the slaves of France," they said.

The standard of the Tyrolese army was committed by Hofer's own hand, to the care of the young son of Gustavus Rosen, a gallant boy of sixteen, with a solemn charge to defend it with his life.

"I will defend it," replied the youth, as he unfolded it to

the breeze, "and where this banner falls, there shall the son of Gustavus Rosen be found beside it. Death only shall part us."

Three times did the brave Tyrolese, led on by Hofer, beat back the invader to the frontier, and victory seemed to crown them with success; but the crafty Bavarian now poured his thousands into the Tyrol, overpowering by the force of numbers, the few brave men who were left to defend their country, and effecting that which the armies of France had been unable to do alone.

At this juncture Austria made peace with France, and the Tyrol was ceded to Buonaparte, who demanded it as one of the conditions of the treaty. Unable to defend the province, the Emperor yielded up the Tyrol without reserve.

Hopeless, dejected, and overpowered by numbers, the unfortunate Tyrolese were obliged to relinquish the unequal strife: burning with indignation they withdrew among the inaccessible glens and fastnesses of their native mountains, resolving to perish rather than yield to the usurper's power.

The bravest and best of that devoted band had fallen, or were carried captives across the Alps:

"Scattered and sunk, the mountain band
Fling the loved rifle from their hand,
The soul of fight is done."

During the heat of the war, Gustavus Rosen had conveyed his wife and his infant daughter to a safe retreat among the mountains, where under the care of an old and faithful friend, who for many years had followed the adventurous life of an Alpine hunter, he knew they would be safe from the horrors of the war, which spared not in its fury either the infant or the ancient of days.

"Here, my beloved Gertrude," he said, addressing his

weeping partner, "you and our Teresa will find safety and repose; and though old Albrecht's cot be rude and homely, it is far better than our camps and leaguered walls."

"There is no safety where you are not," exclaimed the wife of Rosen, throwing herself into his arms—"if there be safety in this wild retreat, stay and share it with us."

The eye of the patriot soldier flashed fire; he turned and pointed sternly to the wreaths of dun smoke that rolled in heavy volumes across the distant plain. "A thousand helpless mothers, with their orphan children; cry for vengeance against the spoiler on yonder smoking plain! And shall their appeal be unheard?" he cried vehemently, grasping his sword. "See, Gertrude, even now heaven blushes with the fiery glare of yon flaming hamlet, and shall I slumber here in inglorious ease, while my country demands my aid?"

Then softening the impetuosity of his manner, he strove to soothe his weeping spouse; the patriot's sternness yielding to the tenderness of the husband and father, he fondly folded the beloved objects of his solicitude to his heart. Suddenly a rifle was fired. "Hark, 'tis the signal gun," he cried. "Gertrude, that shot was fired by our gallant boy." "My child! my Henrick!" exclaimed the distracted mother. "Stay, my husband!" but before the sound of that rifle had ceased to reverberate among the rocks, Rosen was gone; with desperate haste he pursued his perilous way, leaping from crag to crag, now trusting his weight to the weak sapling that overhung his path, or stemming with nervous arm the force of the mountain torrent that would have barred his path.

Old Albrecht watched his fearful progress with silent awe; then turned to soothe the grief of the disconsolate Gertrude and her daughter; cheering them with the hope that Rosen

would soon return, at the same time bidding them welcome to his lowly roof and mountain fare. "You will be as safe, dear lady," he said, "as the eagle on his eyrie on the rocks above you."

The first intelligence that reached the wife of Rosen was, that her husband had fallen in the Passeyre valley, in a desperate skirmish with the French; it was the last effort made by the brave Tyrolese in defence of their country. The brave Henrick too was no more; he was found stretched on the banks of the little stream at the gorge of the valley, wrapped in the banner which he had sworn to defend with his last drop of blood. He had faithfully fulfilled his word, and the standard of freedom had become the winding-sheet of the young hero.

"We knew young Henrick Rosen," said the soldier who brought the sad news to the cottage of Albrecht, "by his fair face, and by the standard which he still grasped in his hand, though that hand was stiffened by the chillness of death."

This heavy news overpowered the weak frame of Madame Rosen; she never again looked up, and before the close of the autumn, Teresa wept over the green sod that covered the grave of her mother.

She had not attained her fifteenth year when she found herself an orphan, alone in the world, cut off from every kindred tie: yet in the excess of her grief, she acknowledged the mercy of Him who had not left her entirely destitute.

The old hunter and his wife, folding the sorrowing orphan by turns in their arms, promised to fulfil to her the part of parents. "You shall be our child," they said,— "shall eat of our own bread, and drink of our own cup, and be to us as a daughter."

With pious words they strove to quiet the grief of their adopted child, directing her to look to that source whence only true comfort flows : and humbly to submit to the chastening of that all-merciful God, who wounds but to heal, and fills our hearts with sorrow that true joy may abound.

The distressing events which, as a soldier's daughter, Teresa had necessarily witnessed, and the untimely fate of her parents, had cast a shade of melancholy over the mind of the young orphan, and given a loftier tone to her feelings than was usual in one so young.

Seated on the hearth at the feet of old Albrecht, she loved to listen to his mountain legends ; by turns to weep or exult over the fortunes of the Swiss patriot Tell, a theme on which the old hunter never tired. During the long winter evenings, while the wind roared round their lowly dwelling, or the snow whirling in eddies choked the paths, and beat upon their roof, old Albrecht would beguile the tedious hours, by relating the feats of his youthful days, charming the attentive ears of his old Minna and of Teresa, by the exploits of the chamois hunter, or tales of other days. But the young Teresa loved best to talk of her parents—of the patriots who fell in defence of their country—of her heroic brother, who had fallen in the flower of his youth, so young, so brave—though her tears always mingled with the lofty feelings which these proud, yet sad recollections inspired.

The long weary winter at length wore away ; the warm breath of spring unloosed the mountain torrents from their icy chain ; the rocky glens echoed once more “ with the joy of waves.” The snow wreaths melted before the influence of the sunbeams ; and the earth, though tardily, put off her snowy vest, and came forth like a bride decked with fresh flowers.

In early youth there is a buoyancy in the mind which grief cannot entirely subdue, and which inclines us to seize with eagerness every glimpse of joy that presents itself in our path. Teresa hailed the approach of Spring with delight; she loved to ramble among the lonely glens, or climb the mountain paths; to watch the stealthy labours of the marmot, hollowing its subterranean dwelling in the rocks; to follow with admiring eye the soaring flight of the eagle, winging his way through the pathless fields of air; to listen to the short shrill cry of the swift-footed chamois, as startled at her approach, he bounded away to his inaccessible home among the rocks: the murmur of the stream; the sighing of the wind as it lifted the branches above her; or the cheerful whistle of the herdsmen, as they tended their flocks on the adjacent hills, were music to the ear of Teresa, and sounds which spoke of childish joys.

In one of her mountain rambles, Teresa had afforded some assistance to a poor shepherd in distress, and in return for her kindness he had presented her with a young lamb, one of the firstlings of his flock. Delighted with the gift, Teresa carried home her lamb, and shewed it with innocent pride to her adopted parents. From that time Minna (for so she called it out of affection to her adopted mother), became the constant companion of her walks.

Unweariedly the little creature followed the footsteps of her mistress, or gambolling before her, only quitted her side to crop the flowers, or tender grass that grew in her path. Sometimes her gentle mistress would reproach her favourite for wantonly destroying the garland she was weaving to adorn her hat of straw, or to wreath among her own fair locks.

Her dress was such as was usually worn by the Tyrolese and Swiss girls. A bodice of dark coloured cloth, laced tight to her bosom, which was shaded by a handkerchief or tucker of white muslin, a short petticoat of striped stuff, and a white linen apron ; these, with a large straw hat, formed the general habiliments of the young Teresa, whose native grace and loveliness needed not the adventitious adornments of dress to render her more pleasing.

One of Teresa's favourite haunts was a narrow dell, not far from the dwelling of old Albrecht ; the only entrance to this secluded spot was by a rude descent of rocky fragments, which had been worn into the appearance of steps by the foot of the hunter. The mountain daisy, the pale ranunculus, and deep-blue violet, bloomed here in native beauty among the rocks, or diversified the sloping turf beneath the lime and chesnut tree ; while the dark pine afforded a support to the various parasitical plants which wreathed their slender stems in fantastic garlands round its rugged bark.

It was at the close of a beautiful calm day, in the month of August, that wearied with playing her knitting pins by the side of old Minna at the cottage door, Teresa sought her favourite retreat, and seated on the grassy mound at the foot of a tall lime tree, fell into a train of sorrowful reflections.

In her way to the dell, she had passed by the grave of her mother, on which with duteous care, according to the custom of her country, she had strewn fresh gathered flowers ; unconsciously her tears had fallen while offering this tribute of affection to the memory of her beloved parent, and the remembrance of all her tender love, and maternal care, recurred to her mind, to sadden the heart of the young orphan.

In vain her little pet strove with anxious solicitude to

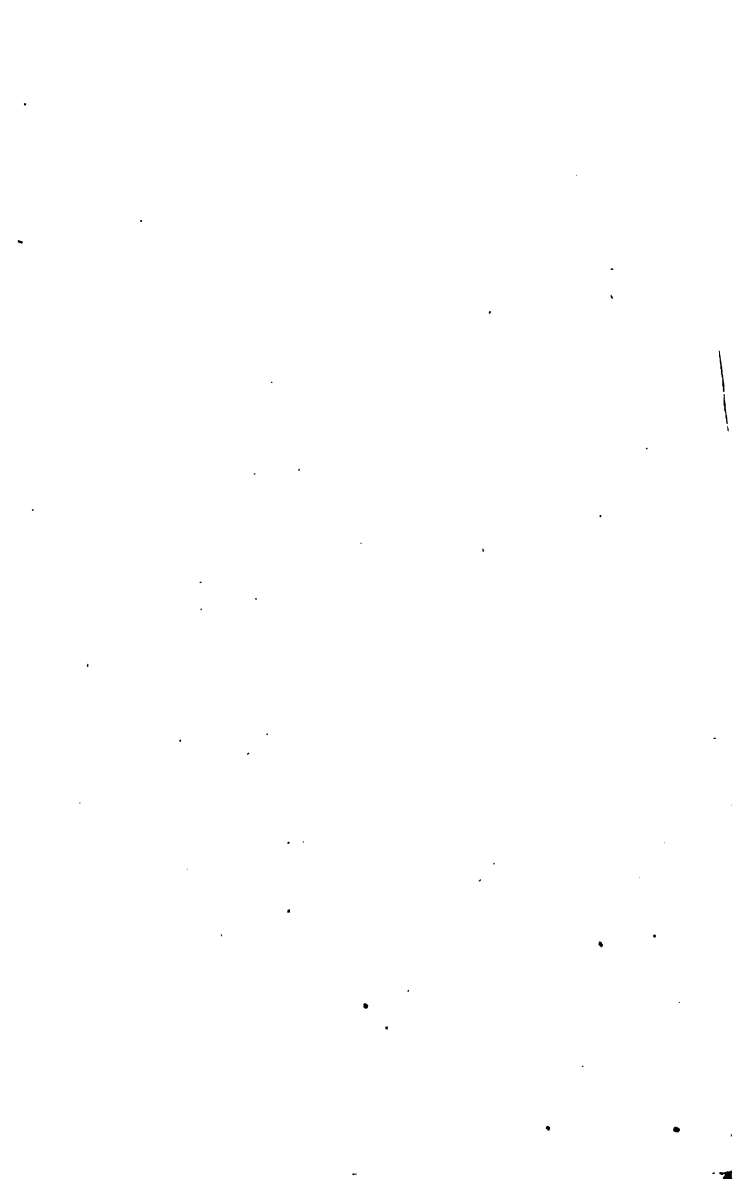
1.
which con-

"It is the hand of the Almighty," he said, at length



THE YOUNG TYROLESE.

Published by Hurst, Chance & Co. 66, St. Paul's Church-Yard.



rising from the grassy mound where the first burst of grief had subsided. "And shall I dare, ungrateful as I am, to arraign the justice of that Being, who in his mercy summoned the o'er wearied spirit to its home of rest?"

Then turning to his daughter, he said, "Teresa, you must welcome this young stranger as the preserver of your father's life. Come hither, Lewis," he continued, taking the hand of his companion; "this is the beloved child of whom you have so often heard me speak during my captivity."

The dark eye of the young stranger brightened as he took the extended hand of Teresa, who thanked him with artless warmth for the services rendered to her father.

To old Albrecht and his wife, Rosen seemed like one returned from the grave; and to their anxious inquiries how he whom they had numbered with the dead, thus again appeared among them, he replied—that in the skirmish which had taken place in the Passeyre valley, he had indeed been wounded, but not mortally, and was taken prisoner, and conveyed with many of his gallant countrymen to the Porta Molina of Mantua, where he was confined in the barracks, which at that time formed the depôt for prisoners of war.

"During my illness, which was long and painful," said Rosen, "my chief attendant was this youth, the son of one of the centinels who used to guard my prison—to his unremitting tenderness and care I first owed my life, and subsequently my liberty.

"I remained in a doubtful state, lingering as it were between life and death, from the beginning of November till the month of January; health at length appeared returning, when one morning I was surprised by an unexpected visit from the governor, who approaching the table near which

I was seated, laid a written paper before me ; my eye glanced over its contents. They were too plainly defined. It was my own death-warrant, duly signed and sealed.

“ It was not the *fear* of death, for I had faced him too often in the field to dread his power, but it was the thought of my wife and of you, my Teresa, that for a moment bowed the stern spirit of the soldier, and forced tears from eyes which never wept before.

“ ‘ There are those that make it hard for you to die, Gustavus Rosen,’ said the governor. I acknowledged it. He paused for a minute and hesitated—then turning to me said, ‘ There is a way by which you might not only avert the displeasure of the Emperor, but convert it into everlasting friendship.’ I was silent, and he continued, taking my hand, ‘ You were the friend of Andrew Hofer—discover his retreat to me, and your pardon is instantly sealed.’

“ ‘ Tell your base Emperor,’ I cried, dashing from me the hand of the governor, ‘ that Gustavus Rosen scorns life and liberty on such vile terms !’

“ But, alas ! my firm rejection of these infamous terms availed not ; the gallant Hofer had been betrayed, basely betrayed into the hands of his enemies, and was that very day led through the streets of Mantua as a prisoner. This was the death-blow to the hopes of freedom and the Tyrol. They had captured, but had not conquered that brave spirit ; the soul of the patriot was still as free as when first he reared the standard of liberty on his native mountain.

“ Ask me not now to dwell on his death scene ; the remembrance of that name is yet too fresh in the minds of his friends—suffice it to say, he died as he had lived—the hero, the patriot, the pride, the glory of his country ! The name of

Hofer will ever be cherished by the sons of liberty ; and his memory, and that of his followers who died in the cause of Freedom, will be hallowed by the tears of their country, and their deathless fame recorded in the page of history, and immortalized by the song of the patriot bard.

"Time," continued Rosen, "passed on : agitation of mind brought on a return of my illness, and for many weary weeks I remained a prey to fever and disease : during that period my sentence was repealed ; the death of our gallant leader had satisfied the vengeance of our enemies.

"With returning health came an insatiable longing for liberty, and the desire of once again beholding my wife and my child. Louis, who had been my faithful attendant during all my sickness, marked my restlessness, and having won from me the cause, formed a plan for my escape. His father being lately dead, he had no tie to bind him to the spot, and he insisted on sharing himself the chances of our expedition—my escape—which we carried into effect as soon as circumstances favoured our design. Success attended us beyond our most sanguine expectations, nor can I be too grateful to the generous friend who has been the means of restoring me once more in freedom to the arms of my beloved child."

"Is young Louis a native of France, or is he a Mantuan ?" asked Albrecht, who had for some time regarded the young stranger with more than common interest.

"My father was a French soldier," replied Louis ; "my mother a native of Bregentz, a town bordering, as I believe, on Tyrol and Switzerland. She was the daughter of an Alpine hunter, and left her parents to follow the fortunes of the camp, with my father."

"Is she yet living?" asked old Albrecht, in a deep voice.

"My mother has been dead nearly five years."

"And your father?"

"He also is dead: he died in the hospital at Mantua, a few weeks ago."

"What was your mother's maiden name?" demanded old Minna, with great emotion.

"Annette Friedwald," was the brief reply. "She was our child! Our only child!" exclaimed the old couple. "And you, Louis, are our grandchild, whom Heaven in its bounty has restored to us to be the solace and comfort of our declining years."

It was indeed the child of their long regretted daughter, who by a train of singular events had thus unexpectedly been made known to them.

Gustavus Rosen and his daughter shared in the happiness of the old hunter and his wife. "You were the kind protectors of my Teresa," said Rosen, "when she was a destitute orphan, and her father now restores to you a son to be the prop of your old age. Thus may true friendship and benevolence ever meet with their due recompence!"

A VALENTINE TO A LITTLE BOY,

(With a Magnet).

BY THE LATE MR. JOHN TAYLOR.*

“WHAT’s here? a Magnet!” yes, ’tis true,

A magnet for a Valentine :

A magnet ’tis—and so are you ;

Believe me, ’tis no joke of mine :

“A magnet—strange! a magnet, I!”

Stand still, and let me tell you why.

First, you must know, as wise men say,

Magnets two different laws obey :

One end is good, you cannot doubt it,

For see, it draws all things about it ;

It is so pleasant, so inviting,

So free to all, and so delighting,

That all things seem as running races,

To meet this *good end*’s kind embraces:—

* Communicated by the author’s daughter, Mrs. H. Reeve.

"How charming!" Well, my little friend,
Now let us view the other end:—

Alas! this end a different tale will bring,
For 'tis a sad, illnatured, peevish thing,

So cross, so shy,
That no one will come near it,

But off they fly,
As though they could not bear it :
"But why am I a magnet? I can't see
How this poor little toy resembles me."
Come, let me then its history unfold ;

I think I'll make you know,
Before I let you go,
How the comparison can hold.

Like Magnet, Henry, you possess

Two sides, or ends ;
One is all love and sweet obligingness,
Willing to please and eager to caress,
Attracting all your friends :

To shew *this end* is always right,

But keep *the other*
As much as may be out of sight ;

For though it is a brother,
'Tis but a surly one, of different feature,
Shunn'd for its dullness, pride, and strange ill-nature.

If e'er you find this *naughty end*
Should wish to come in play,
Peeping out of his case
To show his ugly face,

Take my advice, my little friend,
 And never let him have his way :
 Take up these friendly lines, and read
 To drive the urchin from your head,
 But keep the GOOD END always in our sight,
 And be of all the darling and delight.

Avvs.

Feb. 1819.

SONNET.

On the Death of an aged Relative.

SLEEP on in peace, for nature asks repose,
 And death has brought it ; from thy weary head
 The wayward visions of thine age have fled,
 And youth again within thy bosom glows,
 Immortal youth !—Tho' I may hear no more
 Thy pleasant tones, nor watch the smile that play'd
 Like evening sunshine o'er thee, ev'n tho' fade
 Thy very features, I will not deplore :
 Memory may lose thy traces, but the heart
 That gave me welcome, and the humble love
 That still was grateful to me when I strove
 To breathe of comfort ;—these shall not depart.
 No ! I will cherish them, and joy that Thou
 Partakest of a holier comfort now !

Anecdotes

OF THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE, ESQ.

MANY extraordinary stories have been related of the sagacity and affection of the elephant. These may possibly in some instances have been exaggerated, but from what I have myself heard and seen of the character and habits of this noble animal in South Africa, I am persuaded that his high reputation is, on the whole, well founded. In illustration of this, I shall here mention one or two little anecdotes, which may at least serve to amuse the youthful reader.

In the year 1821, during one of my excursions in the interior of the Cape Colony, I happened to spend a few days at the Moravian Missionary settlement of Enon, or White River. This place is situated in a wild but beautiful valley, near the foot of the Zuurberg mountains, in the district of Uitenhage, and is surrounded on every side by extensive forests of ever-greens, in which numerous herds of elephants still find food and shelter. From having been frequently hunted by the Boors and Hottentots, these animals are become so shy as scarcely ever to be seen during the day, except among the most remote and inaccessible ravines and jungles ; but

in the night they frequently issue forth in large troops, and range in search of food, through the inhabited farms in the White River Valley ; and on such occasions they sometimes avenge the wrongs of their race upon the settlers who have taken possession of their ancient haunts, by pulling up fruit trees, treading down gardens and corn-fields, breaking their ploughs, waggons, and so forth. I do not mean, however, to affirm that the elephants really do all this mischief from feelings of revenge, or with the direct intention of annoying their human persecutors. They pull up the trees, probably, because they want to browse on their soft roots, and they demolish the agricultural implements merely because they happen to be in their way. But what I am now about to state, assuredly indicates no ordinary intelligence.

A few days before my arrival at Enon, a troop of elephants came down one dark and rainy night, close to the outskirts of the village. The missionaries heard them bellowing and making an extraordinary noise for a long time at the upper end of their orchard ; but knowing well how dangerous it is to encounter these powerful animals in the night, they kept close within their houses till day-light. Next morning, on examining the spot where they had heard the elephants, they discovered the cause of all this nocturnal uproar. There was at this spot a ditch or trench, about four or five feet in width, and nearly fourteen feet in depth, which the industrious missionaries had recently cut through the bank of the river, on purpose to lead out the water to irrigate some part of their garden ground, and to drive a corn mill. Into this trench, which was still unfinished and without water, one of the elephants had evidently fallen, for the marks of his feet were distinctly visible at the bottom, as well

as the impress of his huge body on its sides. How he had got into it was easy to conjecture, but how, being once in, he had ever contrived to get out again, was the marvel. By his own unaided efforts it was obviously impossible for such an animal to have extricated himself. Could his comrades, then, have assisted him ? There can be no question that they had—though by what means, unless by hauling him out with their trunks, it would not be easy to conjecture. And in corroboration of this supposition, on examining the spot myself, I found the edges of this trench deeply indented with numerous vestiges, as if the other elephants had stationed themselves on either side, some of them kneeling and others on their feet, and had thus by united efforts, and probably after many failures, hoisted their unlucky brother out of the pit.

Similar instances of intelligence and affectionate attachment have been frequently related to me by persons of veracity familiar with the habits of the elephant in his wild state. The following is a specimen. On one occasion, a band of hunters had surprised two elephants, a male and female, in an open spot near the skirts of a thick and thorny jungle. The animals fled towards the thickets ; and the male, in spite of many balls which struck him ineffectually, was soon safe from the reach of the pursuers ; but the female was so sorely wounded, that she was unable to retreat with the same alacrity, and the hunters having got between her and the wood, were preparing speedily to finish her career—when, all at once, the male rushed forth with the utmost fury from his hiding place, and with a shrill and frightful scream, like the loud sound of a trumpet, charged down upon the huntsmen. So terrific was the animal's aspect, that all instinctively sprung to their horses, and fled for life. The elephant, disregarding the

others, singled out an unfortunate man (Cobus Kloppe I think was his name) who was the last person that had fired upon its wounded comrade, and who was standing, with his horse's bridle over his arm, reloading his huge gun at the moment the infuriated animal burst from the wood. Cobus also leaped hastily on horseback, but before he could seat himself in his saddle the elephant was upon him. One blow from his proboscis struck poor Cobus to the earth; and, without troubling himself about the horse, which galloped off in terror, he thrust his gigantic tusks through the man's body, and then, after stamping it flat with his ponderous feet, again seized it with his trunk and flung it high into the air. Having thus wreaked vengeance upon his foes, he walked gently up to his consort, and affectionately caressing her, supported her wounded side with his shoulder, and regardless of the volleys of balls with which the hunters, who had again rallied to the conflict, assailed them, he succeeded in conveying her from their reach into the impenetrable recesses of the forest.

One of my own friends, Lieut. John Moodie of the Scotch Fusileers, now a settler in South Africa, had an almost miraculous escape on an occasion somewhat similar. He had gone out to an elephant hunt with a party of friends; and they had already succeeded in killing one or two of a small herd, and the rest were retreating before them towards their woody fastnesses, when one of the females having been separated from her young one among the bushes, forgot all regard to her own safety in maternal anxiety, and turned back in wrath upon her pursuers to search for it. Mr. Moodie, who happened to be on foot at the time, was the individual that the animal first caught sight of, and she instantly rushed upon him. To escape from an angry

elephant in open ground is often difficult enough for a well mounted horseman. My friend gave himself up for lost : nor would the activity of despair have availed him—the animal was close at his heels. But just at the moment when she was about to seize or strike him to the earth with her upraised proboscis, he fortunately stumbled and fell. The elephant, unable at once to arrest her impetuous career, made an attempt to thrust him through with her tusks as he lay on the ground before her, and actually tore up the earth within an inch or two of his body, and slightly bruised him with one of her huge feet as she passed over him. Before, however, she could turn back to destroy him, Mr. Moodie contrived to scramble into the wood, and her young one at the same instant raising its cry for her in another direction, the dangerous animal went off without searching further for him.

MORAVIAN LULLABY.

An African Sketch.

THE storm hath ceased ; yet still I hear
The distant thunder sounding,
And through the forest far and near
The headlong torrents bounding ;
The jackal shrieks upon the rocks ;
The tiger-wolf is howling ;
The panther round the folded flocks
With stifled rage is growling :
But say thy prayers and sleep, my child,
God watcheth o'er us midst the wild.

T. P.

VERSES WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

Yes, we are all voyagers, and life's a stream
At first all pure and sparkling, like a rill
Of melted diamonds, and most sweet to taste
Is this wild stream ; for Love sits on its banks ;
Dropping his nectar in its dancing waves,
And breathing fragrance o'er them. As we pass,
Borne by the current through his bright domains,
Heaven is about us ; every whispering wind
Seems like the fanning of an angel's wing ;
The trees, as if transplanted fresh from Eden,
Wave as though God did walk among them still ;
And voices live among their leaves, that sing
From morn till night. Through valleys cool and dim
Clear streamlets murmur, and 'mid shady bowers,
Fair forms of women glide all-dazzling by,
Streaming with rays of beauty like a star !
But by these golden shores the torrent shoots
Swift as a meteor through the wintry heaven ;
And like the bright land voyaged to in dreams
Love's empire vanishes ; and then we sail
Through regions where Ambition rules ; and then—
Why then the stream grows poisonous, and we die.

INVITATION TO CHRISTMAS MIRTH.

Horrida tempestas cælum contraxit.

Horace.

With deep'ning gloom the tempest lours,
The sky is hid by driving showers ;
Now to the north-wind moan the woods,—
Now roar the foaming floods.

Come, snatch, my friends, the fleeting hours,
'Tis fit while vigorous youth is ours,
'Tis fit when age shall bend us low,
To smooth the wrinkled brow.

Bring thou the sparkling wine, whose date
Tells when my Manlius ruled the state,
All else forgot ; benign once more,
Heaven yet may peace restore.

Let Persian odours breathe around
In balmy dews, and let the sound
Of blest Arcadia's magic shell,
Care's spectred gloom dispel.

Such was the lesson Chiron gave :
 " Son of the Goddess of the wave !
 Resistless youth ! Go, Phrygia's land
 Waits for thy conquering hand :

" The plain that cool Scamander's tide,
 And gliding Simoïs divide.
 What though cerulean Thetis mourn
 Thy fondly wished return,

" Forbid by Fate's severe behest,
 Yet, in the song, the bowl be blest,
 And let bland mirth with converse gay
 Chase every grief away."

FIORENZA LA BELLA.

FLORENCE the fair ! thou glorious, sacred shrine
 Of arts and learning's freshest, holiest hours,
 In whose high palaces and haunted bowers,
 And dim arcades there linger forms divine :
 It seems as if the bright Gods scarce resign,
 Though longer worshipped not, thy gleaming towers,
 And o'er thy students hovering, still with showers
 Of Beauty and of Grace their hearts refine !

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE SEAMAN WHO ACCOMPANIED CAPTAIN
PARRY ON HIS FIRST VOYAGE TO THE NORTH POLE,
AND WHO WAS BURIED ON MELVILLE ISLAND.

POOR luckless wanderer to far distant shores !
Thy earthly comrades left thee ; silent dweller
Of all those vast unvisited domains ;
Nor shroud nor cerement were thine, fast bound
In sternest winter's adamantine reign.

* Thy mother earth,
With rugged and unyielding bosom cok'~~ed~~
Scarce gave thee her last boon to none denied—
To none but thee, tenant of snowy wilds.

Thy unlettered mind
Had never read of Scandinavia's God,
Or well thou might'st have deemed thyself predestined,—
Outcast from heaven and nature's sympathy,—
To dwell in Helat under Rimer's‡ sway. F. T. M.

* It was with difficulty the grave could be dug, owing to the intense frost.

† The kingdom of Hela, or Death, is described as being in a state of continual darkness, and oppressed by a severe and perpetual winter.

‡ Rimer, the chief of the giants of Frost, who inhabited that dreary kingdom.

See Dr. Sayer's "Descent of Frea," in his poems containing Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology. Norwich, 1907.

THE CONTRAST.

THE tale that the nightingale gently breathes
From her home embower'd in rosy wreathes—
The perfume exhaled from the woodbine's flower,
That lover-like hangs on yon fair bower—
The tender light that the moon is beaming
On beautiful things, all hush'd, yet dreaming !
These, oh these are sweet—yet sweeter than all
Are the sign and the glance young love reveals,
When eloquent tears, that in silence fall,
Speak of bliss that the tongue too fondly conceals.

The ruthless storm with his withering wing
Has swept the beauty and grace from the spring ;
The song of the bird in sweetness and power
Is silent, and dark is the evening hour ;
Forms that were lovely are laid in the earth,
And a bitter lament chills the accents of mirth !
These, oh these are sad—yet sadder by far
Is the sorrow that comes when love doth depart ;
When hope, that arose like a radiant star,
Grows dim and expires in the desolate heart !

THE YOUNG AID-DU-CAMP.

“ ON Edward,” murmured Julia Harcourt to her brother, as she laid her head upon his shoulder, believing herself unobserved, “ where will you be at this hour to-morrow evening ?”

He answered only by an affectionate pressure of the hand which he held in his ; the tears started in his eyes, but anxious to conceal his emotions, he turned to his father, and was about to address him.

“ My children,” said the General tenderly, “ there is no need of concealment of feelings, which honour rather than disgrace our nature. It is only the indulgence of vain regret that is censurable, not regret itself. It is one of the penalties of humanity to separate from those we love, and most pitiable is that insensibility which can remain unshaken upon such occasions. You, Edward, will not make a worse soldier because your sister’s tears have brought a corresponding sympathy in your eyes ; nor will you, Julia, enjoy less the future honours of your brother, because you now weep that he must leave you. And think not,” added he, in a voice which gradually lost its firmness as he continued to speak ; “ think not that the moment when a son is about to quit his parental

roof, and engage in the busy scenes of life, is a painless one to a father. In him, to natural regret is joined a knowledge of the shoals and quicksands that lie in his path, and remembrance of these gives to the anxiety of maturity the acuteness of sorrow that properly belongs to youth." He paused, and then with greater steadiness continued ;—" The path before you, however, is an honourable and an open one. Acquit yourself in it, therefore, as becomes a man and a christian. But I will not now repeat the advice I have already so earnestly given you, and the more so as I am not aware that I have omitted any material point of conduct. On one subject alone I have been less diffuse than you might probably have expected me to be, but this arose solely from its being too painful a one to dwell openly upon." He passed his hand over his brow, but could not conceal the agitation of his features ; " Here is a packet, however," added he, " which will supply the omission ; read the narrative it contains attentively, and oh ! may you escape the anguish that its writer has been so long doomed to feel !"

Edward received the paper with reverence, and the General now rising, fervently blessed both his children, and retired to rest.

This was the last evening that Edward Harcourt was to spend in his father's house previous to his joining his regiment, which was under sailing orders for Spain. He was a high spirited, amiable youth, the secret pride of his father, and the avowed delight of his sister. He had scarcely passed his seventeenth year, but in talent, manner and appearance, he was many years older. Brought up from his childhood with a view to the profession of arms, he had been for some time impatient to take an active share in the dangers and

honours which at that time so particularly distinguished the British name, and he looked forward to the scenes of glory which he had pictured to himself with an eagerness that allayed, though it could not extinguish, the sorrow of parting from those who were so dear to him. The next day saw him far on his journey towards the metropolis, where having remained only sufficient time to equip himself, he proceeded to Plymouth, and was soon afterwards launched on the bosom of the ocean, under a favourable wind, and with companions whose spirits were almost as buoyant as his own.

He had hitherto been too much engaged to open the packet which the General had given him, or indeed scarcely to give it a thought; but he had now abundance of leisure for the purpose, and withdrawing himself from observation, he with no slight degree of interest, not unmingled with curiosity, broke the seal. The latter feeling had probably not obtruded itself, but for the idea that it contained an elucidation of an occasional melancholy, which both he and his sister had observed in their father, and which had excited alike their surprise and commiseration. Loved and respected by them in the highest degree, they had carefully abstained from appearing to notice it, and had sought only by every delicate and tender attention, to win him from his abstraction, and to soothe him to composure and cheerfulness. Frequently in the midst of social enjoyment, a sudden pang would seem to cross his heart, and in an instant to change the hilarity of his countenance into an expression of the deepest anguish. Frequently, even in moments of paternal tenderness and delight, when his breast appeared to overflow with the purest felicity, a look of indescribable agony would

ensue, and tears, which he endeavoured in vain to conceal; would start from his eyes.

A natural feeling of respect and delicacy made him pause, before he could examine the paper which he held in his hand. This he found to be a long letter from the General, who, after enforcing many excellent rules for his future conduct, thus proceeded :—

“ And now, Edward, let me address you on a subject to which I attach the deepest importance. I mean that of duelling. By every consideration, moral and divine—by every tie of affection to me, of allegiance to your king, and of duty to your God, I charge you never to be either a principal or an accessory, in a crime which reason and religion alike condemn as utterly indefensible, although false honour and heartless sophistry have endeavoured to establish its propriety and necessity. Continue to preserve that control over your passions which has hitherto distinguished you ; give no offence, and be not ready to receive one ; enter into no dispute, and whilst with a manly firmness you maintain your own independence of thought and action, avoid all interference with that of others, never forgetting that when you became a soldier, you ceased not to be a christian ; but increased, rather than diminished your obligations, by having dedicated that life to your king, which you received from your God, for the proper disposal of which you are now accountable to both.

But if argument fail, let the recital I am about to make effectually deter you from the commission of so heinous an offence. Yes, I will raise the veil that has long covered the anguish of my heart, although I am well aware that the effort will be most distressing to me, and that the exposure of

past errors to a son's eyes, must prove a bitter task to a father.

"I was early destined like yourself to the army, and entered upon life with prospects as fair as your own. My connexions were powerful, my fortune was good, and my friends consequently were numerous. Nature had done much for me, adventitious circumstances more. My society was every where sought, I was a general favorite, and though reason pointed out the motive of the attention I received, self-love and vanity resolved the unmeaning homage into a debt due to my peculiar merit. I became addicted to pleasure, grew haughty and impatient of control, and while I pursued gratifications which my better principles condemned, I allowed neither the inward monitor of my own breast, nor the remonstrances of my real friends, to have any influence over my actions. Real friends, perhaps, I had few, but I possessed one, alas ! how my heart throbs at the recollection ! whose worth alone was sufficient to outweigh the loss of hundreds. Melville was my cousin by my mother's side—he, too, was an only son, but as his parents were by no means in affluent circumstances, he became at the death of his father entirely dependant upon mine. We had been brought up together, and he had hitherto shared in all the advantages which had been so liberally bestowed upon me. I fear he was much more attached to my person than I was alive to his merits. We were indeed very dissimilar. He was gentle, patient, endowed with extraordinary powers of self-control, moderate in all his desires, just, honourable, generous, and brave ; while equally correct in practice as in principle, his rectitude amidst all temptation remained unshaken. My tears fall fast at this feeble testimony to his worth ; alas ! that the loss of blessings should best teach us their value.

Melville had frequently, in forcible but gentle terms, remonstrated with me on my conduct. I at first listened to him without displeasure, and even with secret admiration of the manner he adopted towards me, but in proportion as my behaviour grew irregular, and the upbraidings of my conscience more severe, his admonitions became less endurable. The sneers, also, of my profligate associates at his influence provoked me, and I gradually absented myself from his society, till at length I totally withdrew myself from him. Melville was much hurt by this procedure, and for a time endeavoured by every means to win back my confidence, but finding that he rather defeated than promoted his views by seeking me, he forbore to intrude. Often did my heart reproach me for the unmanliness and ingratitude of my conduct, and as often did I long for a renewal of that cordiality which was once my happiness, and had always been my safety; but pride and the ridicule of my companions withheld me from making any advance towards a better understanding, and in the end I scarcely even deigned to speak to him.

Among other evil propensities, I had contracted a love of gaming, to supply which even the liberal allowance of my father was inadequate. I became involved in debt, and was guilty of many petty acts of meanness, which at a former period of my life I should have abhorred. Alas! little did I think at the time that it was Melville, the honourable, self-denying Melville who, out of the savings of his own comparatively scanty purse, preserved me frequently from exposure from my trades-people. I thought neither of him nor of them,—I was selfish, wilfully heedless, and extravagant, merely because I would not allow myself to reflect.

"One evening I had played to a considerable amount, and had been particularly unfortunate. In my agitation, I drank largely, and thus the irritation of intoxication was added to the irritation of excited feeling. We were seated in our tent, for it was summer. Melville passed us on his way to the guard room. He cast, or I fancied that he cast, a look of peculiar meaning towards me. I was provoked at having been seen at all by him, and I turned myself from him with as little apparent intention as possible. He however turned back, and in doing so, approached the tent more nearly. This I thought was done for the express purpose of observation, and I felt exceedingly vexed, though I forbore to say a word. 'What is the curious fool looking at?' exclaimed one of my companions, 'does he think that he is to mount guard here?' 'No, no,' rejoined another, 'he is already on the watch. Harcourt, this will be a pretty tale to report to your father.' I was almost mad at the suggestion, when unfortunately for both, he again passed, though yet apparently in haste. I sprang out, and in a voice of rage accused him of the meanness of watching me. He bore my abuse with calmness and in silence, nay even an expression of pity was visible on his features, but this only inflamed me still more. I taxed him with an intention of betraying me to my father. Then, and then only, his eyes flashed with indignation. 'It is false,' said he, warmly, 'cruelly, abominably false.' He spoke only with the emphasis of outraged and insulted feeling, but my companions construed his words into that which was not to be endured by a gentleman, and insisted that an apology was due to my injured honour. 'I can make no apology,' exclaimed Melville, 'when I have committed no offence. My cousin

must do as he pleases—he knows his own injustice too well to persist in it.’ Alas! I did know it, but I was too much disordered, too much goaded on by others to own it, and—— But I must hasten to the dreadful catastrophe. My companions insisted on a meeting, and that immediately; it took place—I had the first fire—it was fatal—Melville fell.

“The mists of passion and intoxication faded at once from my eyes. I ran to him and raised him in my arms. The cold dew of death was already gathering on his brow, but he was sensible to my affection and despair. ‘I have been greatly to blame,’ he uttered with great difficulty, ‘bear witness that I acquit him entirely of any evil intent towards me. Dear Harcourt,’ he more faintly murmured, ‘compose yourself, I entirely forgive you—be kind to my poor mother.’ He feebly threw his arm around my neck, I bent to receive his last kiss, and sunk fainting to the ground.

The affair was represented in a manner that exonerated me from punishment, and it was soon forgotten among my companions. I became, however, an altered man, and so far poor Melville had not died in vain. I rose rapidly in my profession; the most brilliant success attended me throughout my military career; rank, honour, and reputation, were liberally bestowed on me; nor was I less fortunate in private and domestic life. Happy in my friends, my wife, and my children, easy in my circumstances, and esteemed by society in general, my lot has been blessed beyond that of most others; but my felicity has never been without severe alloy. The image of my bleeding and dying friend has pursued me every where, and mingled a drop of exquisite bitterness in my cup. Amidst the applauses of assembled multitudes, or the congratulations of friends; in the endear-

ments of connubial love, or the fond delights of a parent, the remembrance of Melville has constantly risen to my imagination, and wrung my heart with agony. So might he have been honoured ; so bright might have been his career ; so tenderly might he have been loved by an amiable wife, and children, dutiful and affectionate as mine, might have clasped his knees and called him father—but for me. The still small voice of conscience has unremittingly denounced me to myself as a murderer, and all the tears of penitence that I have shed, are still inadequate to wash away the remembrance of my crime. Even the satisfaction and comfort which I have derived from the exercise of our holy faith, have been embittered from the same sad source, for better knowledge of myself has taught me to regret the more severely the advantages of which I had deprived him. In the midst of youth, and as he would have owned, unprepared to meet his God, my hand shut the gates of repentance upon him, and sent him with all his frailties on his head, to that dread tribunal, from which there is neither appeal nor escape.

“ But I will not press the melancholy subject further. I am sick at heart, and can only say, go, my beloved boy, avoid your father’s example and be happy.”

Edward read with deep attention and considerable emotion, his father’s narrative. “ You shall be obeyed, dearest and best of parents,” said he, as he carefully returned it to its envelope, and consigned it to a place of safety. “ Let it cost me what it may, I will never incur such a load of misery on my future years as you have described.”

He landed safely at Lisbon, and proceeded with all speed to join the division to which his regiment was attached.

Active operations had not yet commenced, though vigorous preparations were making for the ensuing campaign. The natural ardour of his disposition made him regret a delay, which deprived him of the opportunity which he so much desired of signalizing himself. Time, however, was not suffered to hang heavily on his hands ; the duties of his profession, and the gaieties which his brother officers promoted among themselves, fully occupied every moment.

He was delighted with all he met with, and if a thought of home saddened him, it was only for an instant, and brighter hopes of proving himself more worthy of the affection of his beloved relatives, dissipated every other feeling. His good humour, high spirit, and honourable bearing, produced a general prepossession in his favour, and he found his society universally sought. The regiment was quartered in a town large indeed in size, but thinly inhabited. Returning one evening to his lodgings, in company with a young man of his own rank and age, who with himself had been dining with their commanding officer, he was suddenly startled by the loud shriek of a female. He paused a moment, uncertain from whence it proceeded ; but upon its being repeated, he immediately directed his steps to the spot, and beheld, by the bright beams of the moon, a female struggling to free herself from the rude embraces of a man whose dress proclaimed him a British officer. Edward advanced without hesitation, and in a firm voice desired him to desist. He was answered, however, only by a command to cease from interference, a command which was at once disobeyed upon his assistance being implored by the female, whom he now discovered to be a Spaniard. He forcibly separated her from her persecutor, who exas-

perated more probably by the intrusion of a stranger than by any other consideration, furiously drew his sword, and bade him stand on his guard. The party to which he belonged had by this time joined them. Edward put back the weapon which was held against him, and telling him to reserve its use for a more proper occasion, walked on. His antagonist, however, followed, and in insulting terms, continued to challenge him to draw. In vain Edward pursued his way, till exasperated by his apparent disregard of his threats, the stranger struck him on the shoulder. He instantly turned, and for a moment lost all self command, but speedily recovering his usual possession, he contented himself with wrenching the sword out of his hand, and snapping it in two, he threw the pieces away. "Your name," exclaimed the other, breathless with rage. Edward gave it, and having now reached the door of his lodging, he entered, followed by his friend.

"This is a most unfortunate business," said Johnson, as he threw himself into a seat—"you will hear more of this, depend upon it. I know all the party. The fellow who was so liberal of his abuse of you is Danvers of the fourteenth—a youth who has been ruined by indulgence and by the profuse allowance made him by his doating but mistaken parents. He is naturally good tempered and amiable, but he has associated himself with companions utterly unworthy of him, who lead him into every excess. You probably did not observe his situation this evening, but it was evident enough to me, that he was in no respect master of himself. You will undoubtedly have a message from him to-morrow morning, for among his chief friends is Canning, of whose taste for duelling you must be already apprised. Well, much

as I dislike the business, remember I shall be in readiness to attend your summons—and so good night.” Saying this, he cordially shook hands with him, and retired.

Left to himself, he reviewed the occurrence of the evening and its probable consequence. He foresaw the difficulty and delicacy of his situation; and it would be ascribing too much to him to say, that he was indifferent to it, or even not considerably moved. He carefully recalled his father’s admonitions, and after mature reflection, he determined upon the conduct he meant to pursue. “I will not fight,” he exclaimed, “though every hope and prospect of my life be destroyed for ever.” Tears, which he could not suppress, started from his eyes, and burying his face in his hands, as he leaned on his rude table, he sat absorbed in sorrowful reflection. This weakness, however, did not last long. He had been brought up in the best and purest principles of honour and religion; and he was practically, as well as theoretically, a Christian. He knew his duty, and he felt his insufficiency; he was well aware in whom his strength lay, and he was not ashamed to apply to that source from whence alone it could be obtained. He knelt down with reverence and humility, and earnestly implored the aid of his Creator; and thus engaged, found rest from the perturbed feelings which agitated his breast. He then threw himself upon his bed, but though calm, he was unable to sleep, and with the morning sun he arose.

The event was precisely as had been anticipated. At an early hour he was waited upon by Canning, with a desire that he would either apologise to Danvers, or appoint a meeting.

“I shall do neither,” firmly, but temperately, replied

Edward. "I have acted only as every honourable man would have done in my situation towards a defenceless female ; and I shall not hazard my life in a cause in which I have neither resentment to appease, nor merited chastisement to dread."

"Then you consent to be branded with the gentlemanly epithet of coward," retorted Canning, in a tone and with an accompanying sneer that tinged the cheek of Edward with a crimson hue. "You may brand me with what epithet you please," returned he, rather haughtily ; "you have my answer, and I shall not depart from it."

Canning now departed, but in a few minutes re-entered the apartment, accompanied by Danvers himself, and several other officers. "Mr. Harcourt," said one of these, advancing towards Edward, "I am under the necessity of requiring you publicly to apologise to my friend, Mr. Danvers, for your conduct towards him last evening ; or to grant him the satisfaction that is due to a gentleman."

"My answer," replied Edward, with dignity, "has been already given. I have no other to return. I will not apologise to Mr. Danvers, because I conceive no apology is due to him, nor will I put that life in competition with his, which is not my own to trifle with, nor needlessly to endanger."

"Then," returned the speaker, "you are aware of the imputation which must be drawn from such a refusal, and must be prepared to relinquish the association of gentlemen."

"I am prepared for every consequence," said Edward : "that I am in reality no coward, I trust I shall soon have an opportunity of proving to your satisfaction ; in the meantime you are at liberty to honour me with your notice or not

as you may feel disposed ; but of this be assured, I fear no contempt like that of my own, and dread no disgrace but that which arises from guilt. As for you, Mr. Danvers," continued he, directing his speech to that gentleman, who in profound silence and with deep attention had listened to all that passed, "I have no enmity whatever towards you, and I should grieve most sincerely, in case of my being the survivor, that you ended your career in so ignoble a strife. I have only to hope that I may have an early opportunity of meeting you in a field where we may best display our courage, and make duty and valour consistent." So saying, he bowed and left the apartment.

Although satisfied in his own mind of the propriety of the line of conduct he had pursued, and thus happy in the approval of his own conscience, Edward soon found his situation a most painful one. It was impossible not to perceive the shyness that marked the manner of his brother officers towards him, and he felt it was as useless as unnecessary to make any observations upon it. Far different to the flattering attention he had lately received, he was now allowed to be alone, and he had the additional mortification of seeing that when he essayed to join himself to his former companions, his society was either shunned or coldly endured. Wounded but not shaken, he avoided with becoming spirit intruding himself upon any one, and confined himself to study, or to the more active duties of his profession. He felt however sad and lonely, and most earnestly did he look forward to the renewal of active operations, in the hope of redeeming his injured character.

The General of his division was a particular friend of his father, in consequence of which he had been attached to his

personal staff immediately upon his arrival. General Maitland regarded him very favourably, and prognosticated in sanguine terms the future glory and success of his élève, as he frequently called him. The striking difference which had lately appeared in the spirits of Edward, together with the evident coolness that he had observed was maintained towards him, induced him to inquire into the cause. Edward unhesitatingly related the whole circumstance. He heard him with attention and apparent concern. Supposing, however, from the gravity of his countenance, that he was dissatisfied with the explanation he had given, he continued, his voice partaking of his emotion as he spoke, "I trust, General, it is needless to say my refusal proceeded from no want of that feeling without which a man ceases to be such. You cannot think me so unworthy of the blood that flows in my veins. No, Heaven is my witness, how eagerly, how impatiently I long for an opportunity of distinguishing myself. I have courage to face the foes of my country—I have courage to meet scorn and neglect where I was honoured and sought—but I have not courage to disobey my father, and to offend my God!"

"Edward," said the General, with glistening eyes, and extending his hand to him, which was eagerly grasped by his young friend, "I applaud your conduct, and value you the more highly for the determination you have shown. Would to Heaven all would act as you have done! This, however, is a consummation more devoutly to be wished than expected, and therefore I feel the more sincerely for the painful situation in which you are placed, and must endeavour by some means to relieve it." "Oh, General!" exclaimed Edward, passionately, "if you indeed feel for me,

grant me the ardent desire of my heart—do not, I entreat you, notice what has passed ; but on the first occasion that presents itself, place me in the midst of danger, in the most hazardous post that you can assign me.” The General replied only by a smile ; but Edward left him with a relieved heart, and in full hope that his request would be granted. His feelings may therefore be better imagined than described, when he heard that orders had been received to prepare for an immediate attack on the powerful city of Badajos. He hastened to the General’s tent, and there received confirmation of the intelligence. In silent impatience he listened to what was passing, dreading lest the General should forget his request, and perceiving no opportunity of reminding him of it. When, however, the disposition of the troops had been finally made, and the necessary orders issued, the General turned to him, and said to him in a low voice, “I will not forget you.” Edward could reply only by a bow, and then hastened to attend to his immediate duties.

The attack was now commenced. The darkness of the night, the strength of the walls, and the resolute valour of the enemy, rendered it a terrific one. Death and bloodshed reigned in every part, and each party seemed to rival the other in ardour, determination, and courage. All was orderly confusion—all was fearfully inspiring. One side of the city in particular seemed impregnable : to this the General and his staff now approached. A party had several times attempted to scale the wall, but in vain ; they were constantly repulsed with great slaughter, and at this moment their leader having fallen, the men were retreating in confusion—Edward’s eyes flashed with impatience—he caught

the General's hand.—“Yes,” exclaimed he, “the time is come. Go; and the blessing of Heaven be with you!” Edward pressed the hand he grasped to his lips—“If I fall,” said he, “tell my father I fell with honour, and in obedience to his commands.” He sprang from his horse, and rallying the retreating party, led them again to the rampart.

A more than mortal daring seemed now to animate him—more than his life was on his sword—his character and honour; and the flame that burnt in his own bosom communicated itself to his followers. In defiance of the unceasing fire that was opened upon them, in despite of the points of the bayonets, by which the enemy endeavoured to throw them down, he still resolutely persisted in his attempts, and finally succeeded in reaching the summit. He paused for a moment to recover breath, and then cheering his men, who pressed close upon him, he sprang to the ground. Here a desperate struggle ensued. Conspicuous by his bravery, Edward was marked by one of the enemy, who with a giant grasp seized him and endeavoured to throw him over the wall; but extricating himself with almost incredible activity, he rushed again before his gallant party, and covered with the blood of himself and others, succeeded in cutting his way to the inner wall. A breach was now effected: a shout from the English proclaimed the advantage. Edward sprang through the aperture. The firing of the French was at its height, and again a furious rencontre took place. A strong party however was now within the walls, and the clamours of men, of trumpets, and of bugles, shook the air.

“Forward!” exclaimed Edward, energetically, now sanguine of success, and no longer fearing for his men; but at this instant the enemy suddenly faced round; a hundred

swords were levelled at once at him, and he fell, covered with wounds. An officer, unknown to him, who had for some time attached himself to his side, threw himself before the body, and with desperate valour succeeded in withdrawing it from the throng; then consigning it to some soldiers, with orders to bear it to a place of safety, he hastened back to complete what Edward had so nobly begun. In a short time the British were masters of the city, and it only remained to secure their victory by the necessary regulations, to attend to the wants of the wounded, and to dispose of the slain.

Edward, however, though wounded, was still alive. Immediate surgical assistance was procured for him by his friend, and by their joint care he was conveyed to one of the best houses in the city. It was late in the day before General Maitland was able to leave his professional duties; he then repaired to the apartment in which he had been placed, where his surprise was equalled only by his pleasure at finding Danvers by his side, assiduously and even tenderly attending to all his necessities. It was Danvers, indeed, who struck alike by compunctions for his own conduct, and admiration of that of Edward, had long secretly wished to be reconciled to him. It was Danvers who had fought by his side, and who, in all probability, had preserved him from death.

The party which Edward had so gallantly headed, belonged to the fourteenth, and hence Danvers became a spectator of the whole scene. He readily comprehended his intent in thus hazarding his person, and inwardly exclaiming,—“ I shall be equally his murderer if he falls in battle, as if I had killed him with my own hand !” he had flown to his assist-

ance, and had defended him with a bravery scarcely inferior to that exhibited by Edward himself.

The General heard with unfeigned pleasure that the wounds of Edward, though dangerous, were not mortal; he was perfectly sensible, but being forbidden to speak, he could only acknowledge his congratulations by an expressive smile, and a look, which being directed to Danvers, fully explained his meaning.

A good constitution, aided by the happiness which glowed in his breast, soon restored him to comparative health. Danvers never left him but when compelled by duty, and a friendship of more than common warmth sprang up in both their bosoms. General Maitland surveyed their attachment with the utmost satisfaction and approval, and on the first day that Edward was able to appear abroad, which he did leaning on the arm of Danvers, who carefully watched every step he took, he pointed to them, and thus addressed a group of officers who stood round him:—

“Behold the reward of true courage and rectitude of principle—contemplate it and profit by it! But a soldier’s words are few, and deeds like theirs speak more than volumes. I am no orator, and I know no phrase that will express my meaning so well as this sententious one, *“Go thou and do likewise.”*”

GRIEF.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

A sudden gloom came o'er me,
A gathering throng of fears
Shrouded the path before me,
And through the mist of tears
I saw the coming years.

'Tis strange how transient sorrow
The mental sight deludes ;
To-day the world is dark—to-morrow
No saddening shade intrudes
To tinge our brighter moods.

I heard the low winds sighing
Above the cheerless earth,
And deemed the hope of dying
Was all that life was worth,
And scoffed at human mirth.

From that wild dream awaking,
And through the clouds of care
The spirit's sun-shine breaking,
I marvell'd how despair
Could haunt a world so fair !

· SONNET.

The Orphan Child retiring to rest.

BY EMILY TAYLOR.

SLEEP, blessed Being ! child of promise, sleep !
Thine infant cares, thy baby griefs lay by ;
Fruit of the blameless day thou now may'st reap,
Nor things unhallow'd meet thy slumbering eye.
Thou art an orphan child ;—yet do not weep !
God shall inspire some hearts with love to thee :
Some eye a wakeful ministry shall keep,
Though lonely in the world thou seem'st to be,
Fear not—a thousand spirits long to plead
The cause of heav'n within thy gentle breast ;
Thy parents are earth's noblest ones, her best ;
Immortal feelings, helpers of thy need.
To strike out music from the hardest heart,
To aid our holiest musings,—is Thy part.





WENAI BRIDGE.
CARNARVONSHIRE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

NEW YORK

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT
TIME. BY J. B. H. [Name obscured]
NEW YORK: [Name obscured] 1854.

THE HISTORY OF THE NEW YORK

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT
TIME. BY J. B. H. [Name obscured]
NEW YORK: [Name obscured] 1854.

THE HISTORY OF THE NEW YORK
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT
TIME. BY J. B. H. [Name obscured]
NEW YORK: [Name obscured] 1854.

DESCRIPTION OF MENAI BRIDGE,

NEAR BANGOR.

THE suspension-bridge erected over the Menai Straits, and which unites the Island of Anglesey to the main land, is the most attractive object, as a work of art, that now adorns the British dominions. A short account of its construction may, therefore, be acceptable to those of our youthful friends who have not yet had an opportunity of forming an opinion of it for themselves.

At the edge of the water are erected two towers, 160 feet high, one on each side : they are about 40 feet wide at the height of 100 feet from the surface of the water. At this point two archways are left in them, through which the passengers and carriages pass to the roadway. The distance between these two towers or piers, or that space which, in ordinary bridges, would be called the span of the bridge, is 550 feet, or nearly four times as wide as the largest stone arch ever yet built.

From the top of one of the towers to the top of the other are suspended very massive iron chains, which hang in a gentle curve, forming, between the pillars, an inverted arch. The chains are continued, in the same elegant *festoon* or

curving form, from the top of each pillar, to a considerable distance over the land, and the ends of them are firmly secured many feet deep in the solid rock.

These chains form the main support of the roadway, and the principle upon which they are made to keep their position may be illustrated by the tight-rope used for dancing upon in the theatre; the only difference between them is, that the chains of the bridge are so large and heavy, that it would be impossible to pull them so tight as the rope in the theatre.

To the main suspension chains are fastened a number of iron rods, five feet apart, which hang down perpendicularly, dividing the whole line of the bridge into separate pathways. These rods are of different lengths, the short ones being of course fastened to that part of the main chain that hangs the lowest, and the longer rods to the other parts of it, in such a manner that the lower ends of these rods are all level with each other. To these ends is attached a wooden platform, that constitutes the roadway of the bridge, which is therefore nearly level.

The roadway that unites the suspended platform to the main land, is supported by stone arches of great size and beauty, in a similar manner to the arches of an ordinary bridge; but notwithstanding this, there are here also rods of iron hanging down from the main suspension chains, and which are fastened in the stone work above the arches. These rods serve as a balance to those in the suspension part of the bridge, and add greatly to the uniformity and general beauty of the structure.

There are four different main suspension chains,* and

* The suspension chains are not made in the ordinary way, with

consequently four different rows of hanging rods ; these divide the platform into three avenues or pathways ; the one in the middle is a narrow path, four feet wide, for foot passengers, and the two others on the outside are each twelve feet wide, for carriages and cattle ; and of these two roads, one is appropriated for carriages, &c., going in one direction, and the other for those going the opposite way. Although the roadway is suspended at so great a height from the water, that a large vessel in full sail can pass under it, yet the barricado of iron work on the sides of each pathway gives such a perfect idea of security, that the most timid pass over without the slightest fear.

For the general appearance of the bridge, we must refer to the beautiful engraving at the head of this article, but neither an engraving nor a description can give any adequate idea of the grandeur and beauty of this magnificent structure.

round or oblong links, but each link is formed of five solid bars of iron, each bar being nine feet nine inches long, three inches wide, and one inch thick, and they are fastened to each other like the links in the main chain of a watch.

We should also state that what we have called one chain, is composed of four separate parts, placed one over the other, each part being a complete chain of itself, so that in point of fact, there are sixteen chains, having the strength of *eighty* made in the ordinary way. But as they are linked together in sets of four, and as one set bears the load of the bridge, the same as if it was but one single chain, we have so considered it for the sake of perspicuity.

THE RUINED TOWER.

A Ballad.

BY C. REDDING, ESQ.

FAR down in the west, on a grey rock's crest,
Beetling over the Severn sea,
A mouldering tower, once a keep of power,
May the passing traveller see.

T'was the favorite hold of a spirit bold,
That had been to the holy shrine,
With the Lion-soul'd king at the conquering
Of the crescent in Palestine.

That ruin bare, in the midnight air,
Where the eaglets and falcons sport,
Once gorgeous shone with its banners on,
In the eye of its monarch's court.

And proud and strong, o'er the revelling throng
Waved the victor's red-cross sign
From the battlement wall, while the oak-roof'd hall
Echoed loudly to mirth and wine.

Now sad and still is that rocky hill,
And mournful its tower to see,—
Like a mortal form, bared by age's storm,
On the shore of eternity.

And the nettle dank grows tall on its bank,
Ivy creeps up its shattered side,
And the moat grass waves as in fields of graves,
Round a sepulchre's crumbling pride,

In the hall of state where the wild blasts beat,
Once flashed out beauty's ray,
And the portal door that was loved by the poor,
Now desolate frights them away.

Strange tales they tell in the neighbouring dell
Of its heiress's timeless fate,
And of figures seen in the star's dull sheen,
Entering slow at the ruined gate.

Its last lord died by king Harry's side
On the field of Agincourt,
But he left an heir in a daughter fair—
The lovely Ellen More.

There are beings here on this earthly sphere,
That are not outshone above,
And Ellen was one, and her life begun
In the sunshine of hope and love.

There are beings here that a moment appear
To let us their brightness see,
And pass like a dream, or a sunset beam,
Ere we can say they be.

Such was Ellen More—and a countless store
Was the wealth her father gave
In trust for his child, to a brother wild,
As he sank into his grave.

But faithless was he in her infancy,
Her gold he squandered away,
And he feared the time when the maiden's prime
Must his faithlessness betray.

A knight he knew of his social crew,
Needy, and vain, and gay,
And, "Sir Gowan," he said, "I have great dread
Of the heiress's reckoning day—

"I have still the power o'er half the dower
Of the maiden, that's yet unspent,
I will give her thee with the gold for thy fee,
Then take her and be content.

"For thee 'tis a store, aye and ten times more
Than thy fondest wish can claim,
And all shall be thine, if at Mary's shrine
Thou'lt swear to keep secret the same.

“Thou shalt swear by the blood of our Saviour good,
By the powers of hell and heaven,
And ere thrice the sun hath his day-work done,
Thy bride shall the maid be given.”

The bargain was seal'd, and ere evening veil'd
The light of the western sky,
Ellen More was told, a knight young and bold
Ask'd her hand in wedlock's tie ;

That her guardian will'd his prayer be fulfill'd,
Ere three days were gone by.
The news made rush, with a cold death-gush,
Her heart's-blood backwardly.

She had pledged her truth to a peerless youth,
And for years her love had fed—
Both had vowed if pride should their love divide,
They would join it with the dead.

A minstrel was he of unknown degree,
And boasting nor lineage nor birth,
He had travelled afar where the Troubadours are,
And loved sadness more than mirth.

And haunted clear founts and craggy topp'd mounts
And woods with shade black as the grave,—
And solitudes deep, where mountain lakes sleep,
And ocean's wide weltering wave.

He was handsome and bland, and could strike at command
Such sounds from his harp's rich string,
That craving hearts hung on the tones which he rung,
Like prayers o'er an offering.

His presence was tall, and his art had all
That lady-love can win,
And Ellen as he, loved sweet minstrelsy,
And thoughts that thrill within ;

And mysteries born in the full heart's scorn
Of the cold world's artifice,
By nature bred where the flowers are fed
In air under sunny skies.

Who would marvel now, if fair Ellen's brow
Had suffered from sorrow's annoy—
If the harsh decree brought in misery
Where all had before been joy ?

To her lover she told she was cruelly sold,
That she'd courage and will to die,
That while blood should remain in a single vein,
Not her king should dissolve their tie.

That she'd rather go forth to the frozen north,
Or scorch in a southern clime ;
Or labour all day for a scanty pay,
Might she have but her love and him.

The youth replied, in his full heart's pride—

“ Oh Ellen, be true to me!

I will combat afar in the ranks of war,

And bring love and a name to thee.

“ Be but true to me; and my minstrelsy

I'll doff for the soldier's garb,

With cuirass on my breast, and snow-plumed crest,

And mounted upon my barb—

“ I will win thy charms in the field of arms,—

For the heartless worldlings say,

No lover is good that wins not in blood,

The hand of his fair lady.

“ And cheered by thy form in the battle-storm,

I shall want not the victor's crown,

Though far dearer to me is my minstrelsy

Than the warrior's red renown.

“ I'll away to my task, no more I ask,

Then, Ellen, be true to me !—”

To his lip and breast he her white hand prest,

As they parted sorrowfully.

To the war he is gone with his armour on,

Love's tear could not make him stay,

Though it hung like dew in an eye of blue,

That he ne'er must see from that day.

Now the tyrant's hour of guardian power
Had nearly its term gone by,
Nor his art could make the maiden forsake
Her true love's fealty.

"I'll ne'er be a bride," she nobly cried,
"Where nor heart nor hand is free ;
Thy anger I dare, and have little care
Of all thou canst do to me.

"The laws have power to demand my dower,
King Harry will do me right ;
A corpse only I'll wed, and a corpse I'll bed,
With thy friend Sir Gowan, the knight !"

To her chamber high, with a balcony
That o'erlooked the sea below,
She was close confined, and heard but the wind
And the roar of the ocean's flow.

And weeks had passed with the door barr'd fast,
And none her fate may know—
But her window high had a balcony
That o'er-looked the sea below !

And her uncle last from her chamber past,
His cheek with rage was pale.—
The ocean is deep, and they who sleep
In its caverns tell no tale !

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I DARE say many of my readers have often sat, during the Christmas holidays, round a pleasant flaring fire, while the storm has raged without ; and listened to some very wonderful adventure or story, related, it may be, by a friend who has been invited to spend the winter at the house of their parents. I dare say, too, they were very happy at these times ; and if so, they will, perhaps, listen to the story I am going to tell them with the same pleasure.

I was staying some years ago with a married sister, who lived in a very distant part of England ; and all her children were at home at that time ; she had a large family, and several of my nephews had just returned from school. Every morning they spent out of doors, though the weather was severely cold and stormy ; and in the evening they usually requested me to relate, or read to them, a tale from some amusing book. One evening when I had nearly exhausted my stock, I was again requested to tell them a story, as the boys were tired of play, and it was too dark for my nieces to work any longer. So all the children formed a circle round the fire, and some of the little ones stretched themselves on the hearth rug, and looked up in my face, begging me to begin. I was always ready to oblige them, for they were

very good and amiable ; but now I could scarcely remember any anecdote to amuse them with. It was a very tempestuous night, and the wind blew so violently, that the dead branches were swept from the ground, and whirled against the windows ; but in the room we sat it was extremely comfortable, for the wood in the grate burned brightly, and every person looked happy, which certainly is pleasant.

“ Suppose I tell you,” I said, after a short pause, “ a true story—an adventure that happened to myself when I was a very young man.” The children were delighted—it was just the thing they liked ; and I presently began the following narrative :—

“ When I was at school, I formed a friendship with a boy named Villars. He was about the same age as myself, and as fond of the same sports and plays as I was. We were in the same class, and slept in the same room ; he had been at school nearly a year before I arrived there, and kindly assisted me in many things I was a stranger to. He possessed a generous temper, and we soon loved each other as brothers. I am not going to tell you all our school adventures, though I may at a future time relate a part of them ; but I am going to speak of a circumstance that occurred some years afterwards. We remained under the care of the same master nearly seven years, and during that time pursued the same studies, when we both went to Oxford to finish our education. Most fortunately we entered the same college, for we should not have been so happy, had we been separated. After our studies were ended, we might perhaps have chosen employments that would have parted us for a very long time. Villars and myself read together, studied together, walked together—and in short, we were most

inseparable companions. We were both ardent in the pursuit of learning ; but I must add that there was no envy felt at the other's advancement. If I heard Villars praised, I rejoiced at it. When he saw me gain any honours, he was glad and happy. Indeed, had it not been so, we could not have been friends, for nothing poisons true friendship so much as envy, of which I caution you all to beware.

“ Villars had often been staying with me, and though he had earnestly requested me to do so, I had never visited his home ; for my own family wished me to devote all the time I could spare to them, so that I could not well refuse them. However, should an opportunity ever arrive, I promised him that I would go and see him at his father's residence, of which he was particularly fond. The period at last came when we were to separate. I returned to my own home in the neighbourhood of London, and Villars to his in the west of England.

“ Many months passed away, and I had not left home, when I received a letter from Villars, informing me of his father's death, and earnestly intreating me to visit him. I could not well refuse to go and see him in his affliction ; and as soon as I could conveniently depart, I did so. I travelled by the coach to the town that was about ten miles from my friend's house ; and instantly proceeded in a chaise. It was about noon when I left the town, and though it was the month of March, night was fast approaching before I arrived at the end of my journey. The roads were very rough and bad, and the hills long and fatiguing. The slowness of my course enabled me to observe every object of interest and beauty, and the banks that were now covered with primroses and snowdrops, struck me as being more lovely than

anything I had before witnessed. At last we turned into a private road, through a thick wood of old trees, and soon entered an extensive lawn, at the top of which stood the house. It was a neat, plain, and rather a large building, not many years erected, but at the back rose an old square tower, much above the other parts, and which gave a strange, though by no means an unpleasing look to the place.

"I was shown into a large, old-fashioned room, which formed the lower part of the very tower I have been describing, where I was received by the mother and two sisters of my friend, in whose company I was soon perfectly at my ease. They told me that Villars had been called unexpectedly from home that morning, but that he would return shortly to welcome me himself.

"Now, listen to me attentively, whilst I endeavour to describe the room in which we sat. It was hung with tapestry, in some parts much faded and discoloured by age; the chairs were of dark carved oak, and tables of the same. The large casements were bordered with glass, on which were painted the various arms of the family; and rich crimson curtains gave a comfortable appearance to the apartment. Did you ever see such a room?" I asked. One or two of the boys looked at me and laughed, but the others shook their heads, as if they did not comprehend me. "The view from the windows," I continued, "was very romantic; the ground sloped down to the sea shore, on one side of a narrow harbour, the waters of which extended some way inland. The eye could range from here over an immense space of sea; but the prospect was now obscured by heavy clouds, that seemed to foretel a tempest. The wind gradually increased till it blew a strong gale, and darkness soon

hid every thing from us. Mrs. Villars and her daughters, I observed, became very anxious as the storm grew louder ; for my friend had crossed the bay in a small boat, which he managed himself, and had to return again, exposed to the violence of the tempest. We all became silent as the time flew by ; and though a servant had brought lights, the curtains were not drawn, that we might catch every slight glance which the moon-beams gave of the ferry. There was an old clock in the hall, which played a melancholy chime every quarter, and although I had listened attentively each time it sounded, I gradually ceased to attend to it, until the hour of midnight struck. In the anxiety I had felt for the safety of my friend, I had almost forgotten my own fatigue ; but I now started from my chair, as if suddenly awakened from a sound slumber. Mrs. Villars earnestly pressed me to retire to rest ; she was certain, she said, her son would not attempt to cross the stormy sea, but doubtless intended to sleep at the house he had been obliged to visit. I at last consented, as I was weary and exhausted ; and was shown my apartment, which was situated immediately above the sitting rooms, and like it, furnished in a very old fashioned manner. The walls are of polished wood, of a dark colour, and the posts of the bed were carved in every joint, and adorned with tarnished gilding. A small dressing-room communicated with the sleeping chamber, that had a large window in it overlooking the sea, and this window was opposite the bed. Before I retired to rest, I put the door wide open, that should I wake, I might be able to see the ocean. The moon was now shining brightly, and I could plainly distinguish the white waves dashing against the shore, and the high hills that looked dark and frowning

beyond. I soon fell asleep, but my dreams were unpleasant and distressing. I thought I saw Villars put off from land, and row towards us, in spite of the raging sea ;—the little boat was at times tossed high upon the waves, and then fell between them, while every moment the water rushed in, and threatened to sink it. At last a mighty wave, larger than any other, swept along, and throwing the boat almost in the air, it instantly disappeared. With a scream of horror I rose from the bed at the awful sight, and awoke directly. But I could not immediately recover my recollection. I thought I heard my own name uttered, and looking up, beheld a tall figure standing in the door-way before me." The children all crept close to me as I spoke, and seemed fearful of what I should say next.

"As I before told you," I proceeded, "I saw a figure standing in the door-way, and heard my own name spoken. Now, my parents, when I was young, had always endeavoured to prevent my giving way to fear, whatever I might see or hear to occasion it ; as they wisely said, it put to flight every feeling of self-command and firmness. I, at this time, felt the benefit of this good advice ; for I leaped from the bed, and rushing forwards, caught the figure by the arm."

"And what was it ?" interrupted several of the children, in breathless astonishment.

"My friend, himself," I replied. "In spite of all the horrors of the tempest, he had crossed the water, that he might see me that night ; and, by the mercy of God, had escaped the danger that surrounded him. He was drenched with wet, for many times his little boat was almost filled with water. I need not tell you how I rejoiced at his safety, or

with what pleasure I again met him. He was a kind and affectionate friend, and has continued so ever since."

"He was *indeed* a kind friend," said my eldest nephew ; "how I should like to have known him."

"Perhaps you *do* know him," I replied smilingly.

"Oh no, Uncle Edward," he said gravely ; "I know no one by the name of Villars."

"But," I again observed, "change it to Mordaunt, and then tell me if you know any one so named. In short, my dear boy, I have been speaking of your father."

The children were loud in their astonishment ;—they never once fancied such a thing :—it was so very strange ; and how cunning of Uncle Edward to alter the name ! How stupid of them not to know he had been describing their own father all the time ; the very room they were sitting in ; the dear, comfortable old room, with the faded tapestry ;—how very stupid !

"But," said one of my nieces, who was sitting on her father's knee, and kissing him every moment, "were you not very glad when the dear, kind friend became your relation, Uncle Edward ?"

"Extremely," I replied : "I was truly happy when he was married to my sister, and then I could call him both friend and brother."

J. L.

SPRING !

It is the season when the lily bursts
Her emerald cerements, and awakes to life,
Waving her yellow ringlets to the breath
Of fresh warm gales, and drinking in the light
Of purple skies ;—when cowslips hang their heads
Beneath the thrilling music of the lark,
And the shrill woodlands echo to the shout
Of the returning cuckoo !—'Tis the time
Of blossomings, and buds and ground flowers sweet,
And new-awakening streamlets, with their voice
Of gratitude and gladness !—Tis the time
Of the heart's jubilee,—when feelings spring
Like the green buds around them, into life,
And swell to perfumed flow'rets :—when delight
Bounds through the valleys,—and upon the tops
Of crags and mountains gives her golden hair
Unto the whispering breeze, and shouts aloud,
Waking the echoes from their winter sleep
Within their mossy caves !

SONNET.

The African Mother.

THE mother sat and wept—her child was gone—
But still her tears fell on another's cheek—
Her heart was crush'd, but yet it did not break ;
Another's smile was left her to atone
For that most cruel loss—that one alone
Was all she had to love—and she would sit
For hours, and in her arms encradle it,
Pouring on its unconscious ear her moan.
Again the spoiler came. In vain she knelt
And raised her agonizing scream in vain ;
They took her last and dearest—through her brain
In thoughts of fire, her childlessness she felt.
The light of madness kindled in her eye,
And loud to heaven rose up her wild appealing cry !

* Founded on the following fact.—A master of slaves in Kingston, Jamaica, wanted money, and one of the female slaves having two fine children, he sold one of them, and the child was torn from her maternal affection. In the agony of her feelings she made a hideous howling, and for that crime she was flogged ! Soon after he sold her other child. This “ turned her heart within her,” and impelled her into madness.—see “ The West Indies as they are.” No XIV.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MUSES.

A fragment.

BY GEORGE FLETCHER.

EVEN so the favoured sons of early Greece,
Fondly embodying that ethereal flame,
Soul, spirit, essence, or whate'er it is,
All too celestial for an earthly name,
Though Genius called—endowed it with a frame
The least terrestrial of all fleshey mould ;
And woman's lovely image thus became
Fit emblem of what most divine we hold
In *her* all speaking eye most eloquently told.

See, where the blest Aōnian visions rise
Majestically mild, serenely bright ;
Rapture—not passion—beaming in their eyes,
A softly shining, not a dazzling light ;
All mortal beauties in their forms unite,—
But mortal taint to mar them there is none ;
Of fancy's forms created to delight,
Though many in surpassing charms have shone,
Unmingled *soul* is given to these, and these alone !

EPITAPH

On Miss Mary Ann Wilkinson, who died Nov. 17, 1802, aged 12.

BY THE LATE SIR J. E. SMITH.

SWEET maid ! how soon the mandate of thy God
Has torn thee from thy weeping friends away !
Thy pious father kiss'd the chastening rod ;
Thy father blessed the turf that wraps thy clay.
Nor o'er thy grave shall many suns arise,
Nor many a Spring bedeck thy sod with flow'rs,
Ere that eternal morning bless our eyes,
Which once again shall join thy fate with ours.
Thy parents then, angelic forms like thee,
Shall kneel before the sapphire throne of heaven,
And this their rapturous song of praise shall be—
“ Lo ! here, oh Lord ! the child that thou hast given ! ”*

* The idea in the last line is taken from a tomb and inscription mentioned in his tour—the tomb of Mrs. Langhans in the church of Hindelbanck, a few miles from Berne. See *Monthly Magazine*, vol. v. 166.

THE BIRD OF PRAGUE.

I HAVE flown lightly o'er tower and town,
And rested on the church of good Saint John ;
I looked in at each window I passed in my flight,
And saw many a strange and sorrowful sight.

Bird of the weary wing,
What saw'st thou there ?

A maiden fair
With her golden hair,
And she wreathed its bright folds with jewels rare.

Bird of the weary wing,
What did she there ?

Her damsels tied her robes of pride,
At the banquet to sit at the bridegroom's side.
The red wine they quaffed, and they loudly laughed,
Who shall bitterly grieve with the youthful bride.
For, thou thing of beauty ! it is not for thee

That the plaint of distress shall to-morrow be ;
But thyself shall weep fast
Ere midnight be passed
O'er thy lover's corse in agony.

Bird of the weary wing,
Was aught else there ?

A sister knelt by a brother's bed,
And gently raised his throbbing head.
The sun hath shone bright for summers three,
Since that chamber of sickness quitted he ;
And the frost hath crusted twice and again
With its diamond tracery the window-pane,
Since the threshold of their ancient home
Darkened the shade of her slender form.

And I saw more !

A priest knelt at the altar for strength to hear
His bitter chalice of sorrow and care ;
His spirit of pride mought not abide,
To be to the dull dim cloister tied.

He panted for fame,

And a deathless name,

And the honour which virtue from virtue may claim.

I saw the chill damp stand on his brow,
Yet his cheek with fever-flushing glow,
As he thought on the vow he had said.

I saw him again in a calmer mood,
With a moistened eye and a heart subdued,
As he thought of the holy calm around
That still and sacred hallowed ground,

And bowed in trust his head.
But that longing shall not sleep,
And his spirit it shall steep
In bitterness many a day ;
He shall live a life of grief,
And shall never find relief,
Ere they bear him away ! away !
Ding dong ! ding dong !
'Twill not be long
Ere he rests in the chapel grey.

I saw yet more !
The pallid cheek of that beautiful boy
I had seen mantle with hope and joy ;
Immortal forms have cheered his eye,
And he hath drank of Castaly :
But it hath to him been a poisoned stream,
He must pay his life for its glistening gleam !
He hath with grinding poverty striven,
And a worthless world his heart hath riven.
My wing at the window he heard,
And said, Thou art welcome, thou warning bird !
I have longed for thee ! I have longed for thee !
For thou shalt set my spirit free,
To that other world of beauty and thought,
Where my weak heart long hath its resting-place sought.

Thou bird of death,
I fear thy strain ;
For all it saith
Is woe and pain.

Ah! ah! thou thinkest it is not for thee!
Those roses glow
Shall mock ere long thy cheek of snow;
They shall fade in the autumn sky,
But thou shalt in summer sun-shine die;
And in the church of Saint John shalt lie!
So sang the bird bodingly.

N.

SONNET.

Go to thy bed of down; but as the storm
Of winter rises, oh! forget not those
Round whose unshelter'd head that tempest blows!
And as thine own is pillow'd soft, and warm,
Lulling to gentle slumbers, let the prayer
Of natural piety move thee for the poor,
Who wander outcasts from the rich man's door,
And sicken in the bleak and midnight air,
Whose fate is death or famine—*Thou wilt rise,*
When morning dawns, unto a happy life!
But even existence is to them a strife,
And they are shut from home's soft sympathies—
O! seek them! save them! so shall heaven repay
With sweeter dreams thy night, with holier hopes thy day!

CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

Iv'e listen'd to the ocean's roar,
As on my first I've stood ;
And thought of all the human forms,
That sleep beneath the flood.

There, by the rough and hardy tar,
Lies the once lovely child ;
And there the tender maid reclines,
Beside the pirate wild.

There, side by side, no longer foes,
Lies many a chieftain brave ;
And there together now repose
The proud one and the slave.

I've gazed, too, on that treacherous sea,
When like my next it seemed
As if its mountain waves had been
All by the poets dreamed.

So calm it looked, that as I gazed
Upon its tranquil breast,
I wished that storms might never more,
Disturb and break its rest.

My whole doth often scenes reflect
More brilliant than the day ;
Where mirth and beauty both unite
To wile the hours away.

E. A. G.

CHARADE II.

IN every clime and form of dress,
My first is to be found ;
Trees, houses, plants, its power confess,
And e'en the very ground.

The lowly cot—the splendid dome,
Where the king dwells in state ;
In each its offspring find a home,
Tho' different far their fate.

Amid the gay and courtly throng,
Its favourites' days are spent ;
The weak, the puny, and the young,
Are to the cottage sent.

My next you'll find the second son,
Where there are only three ;
Resembled by the younger one,
In a reduced degree.

My whole on loveliness bestows,
A charm we all admire ;
New beauty from its influence flows,
Of which we never tire.

E. A. G.

CHARADE III.

I SHOULD be called a holy thing ;
I'll show the reasons why ;
In Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
My first is in the sky,

In almost every village church,
My second's to be found ;
No raven from its yew-tree perch
Can breathe a sadder sound.

A letter add, and you'll descry
The gayest of the gay ;
The cause of many a gallant's sigh,
At concert, ball, or play.

My whole the fate of modest worth
In simple sadness tells ;
With head low bending to the earth,
Unseen, unsought, it dwells.

E. A. G.

CHARADE IV.

My first has many votaries,
By whom 'tis much admired :
It is a game that's mostly play'd,
When Phoebus has retired.

My next we all have sometimes been,
And may be so again ;
'Tis what we would have others be,
If we possessed the rein.

Oft in a sultry summer day,
Young Colin I have seen
Beneath a spreading tree reclined,
On yonder verdant green.

Gaily he there performed my whole,
And thought of some fair maid ;
While near him lay his faithful dog,
His flocks around him stray'd.

E. A. G.

CHARADE V.

WHEN the North-wind's portentous gale,
Resembles some lost spirits' wail ;
Or, rushing through the leafless trees,
Sounds like the waves of boundless seas :

Then heaped in many a dangerous mound,
My first appears upon the ground.
But with the sun's reviving glow,
The chilling wind will cease to blow ;
Then will my first from many a roof,
Oft of my second give us proof ;
And my fair whole will then appear,
As eldest daughter of the year ;
And like some lovely maid will be,
With head bent down so modestly,
As if she were ashamed to bring
The tidings of approaching Spring ;
Or, shocked to find herself alone,
The only flower that yet has blown.

E. A. G.

CHARADE VI.

ARE you my first ? Then I will say
My whole you must not be ;
For if you were, you would deserve
To mount the gallows-tree.
And if my first you are—I hope
You are my second too ;
Then in your path, true pleasure will
Her roses always strew.

E. A. G.



